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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

P.W. COUPON Mar. 31, 1894.

No. 193.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1894. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PEEK, FREAN & CO.

Have Received Appointments from

1 EMPEROR, 7 KINGS, 3 QUEENS, 9 PRINCES,

INCLUDING THE

RULERS OF THE COUNTRIES MENTIONED IN THE MARGIN,

Being about Four Times as many ROYAL APPOINTMENTS as have been accorded, to the best of their knowledge, to any other house in the World in their line of business.

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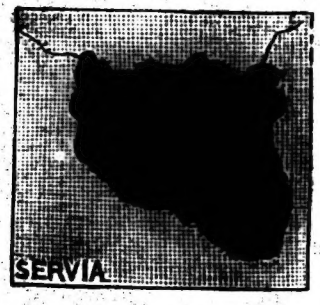
"ROCKET" & "CHARLOTTE" BISCUITS.



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SIMPLE—STRONG—DURABLE—WELL FINISHED.

THE NEW No. 8 MACHINE FOR DRESSMAKING AND HOUSEHOLD SEWING.

Manufactory—Wellington Works, OLDHAM.

Liberal Terms to Cash Purchasers, or on the Hire System.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN IS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

[Be]ing Woven by Hand it wears longer and retains its rich satin appearance to the last. By [ob]taining it direct all intermediate profits are saved, and it costs no more than is usually [ch]arged for common power-loom goods.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

[Chil]dren's Bordered, 2/3; Gents' ... doz. Ladies' Hemstitched, ...; Gents' 3/11 doz.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

[Iris]h Linen Cambric Handkerchief and Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to Her Majesty [the] Queen, the Empress Frederick of Germany, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, &c., &c.

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[BRO]NZED EWER, 17-inch high, 3/-

ANY PERSON

Seeing this Announcement should

SEND AT ONCE

for our Wonderful Catalogue of Varieties.

Beautiful Articles for personal and household use. Suitable for presents to all.

Clocks, Ornaments, Bronzed Goods, Electro-plated Tea-Sets, Cruets, Lamps, Bags, Umbrellas, Portmanteaus, Travelling Companions, Purses, Scissors, Afternoon Tea-Sets in China, Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar & Cigarette Tubes, also Gentlemen's Nickelled Watches (everyone guaranteed) &

HUNDREDS OF OTHER ARTICLES,

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3/-

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... MARK & CO., 10, CORPORATION ST., BIRMINGHAM;

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HAIR CURLER

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective, and require no skill to use. Made in five colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX,

Free by Post 8 Stamps.

Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS now being sold by drapers and others. The Genuine bears our TRADE MARK on the right-hand corner of each label.

[Wh]olesale of R. HOVENDEN AND SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS. Linen Collars & Fronts combined, with small points or turned-down collars, 5/6 per doz.; postage, 4½d. extra. WHITE SHIRTS, Linen Fittings, 3/9, 4/9, 5/9 & 6/9. IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yards square, 2/11 each. NURSERY DIAPER, 4½d. per yard. Real Irish Linen SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1/11 per yard. IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies' size, 2/3 per doz.; Hemstitched, 2/11 per doz.; Gent's size, 3/6 per doz.; Hemstitched, 4/11 per doz. IRISH TWEEDS. Samples free.

G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, IRELAND.

["J]UNO" CYCLES Are the Very Best

JUNO Safeties, Road-sters, ... JUNO ... Youth's Safety. ... Send at once for ... METROPOLITAN ... JUNO guaranteed.

EVERY WOMAN

should know that Crawshaw's Crystal Dyes are used for home purposes, and not only ... You have no idea of their worth until you have tried them. You CAN SAVE MONEY by making your ... CRAWSHAW'S DYES. A ... all Chemists ... Co., ... Street, ... London, E.C.

"THE BLOOD PURIFIER." OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA

Is highly recommended by the faculty as a safe and certain cure for Blood and Skin diseases ... Scrofula, Scurvy, &c. ... Mr. Hugh Kelly, Registered Chemist, Kinning Park Apothecaries' Hall, Glasgow, writes:—"I have been selling a good many of your famed Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. People say that it is ... more effectual than any other." Prices ... of all Chemists, or sent Carriage Free from the Depot, DEAN, STEEL & CO., 39, Theobald's Road, Holborn, London (late 131, Fleet Street).

ECONOMIC COOKERY.

A Useful Pamphlet ... in Every Home. Gratis and Post Free from Fredk. King & Co., Ltd., Camomile St., London.

£20

TO TOBACCONISTS (COMMENCING). Write for Illustrated Guide to the Business (... pages), post free. How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000. TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston Rd., London. Mgr., Hy. Myers. Est. 1866.

HAVE YOU LOST MONEY IN COMPANIES?

If so, you should communicate at once with THE JOINT-STOCK INSTITUTE, ... Street Avenue, London, E.C.

Over Twenty Millions of Allcock's Plasters already sold in Great Britain; the most telling testimony to this great external remedy.

Allcock's Plasters STOP ALL ACHES AND PAINS AND CURE SPRAINS AND STRAINS

Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Ruptures, Bronchitis, Asthma, all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Acting directly on the Tissues DILATING the PORES of the SKIN. GIVING INSTANT RELIEF.

Why do Men and Women suffer with Lumbago and Pains in the Back, when Allcock's Plasters will cure them?

Get only ALLCOCK'S, 1s. 1½d. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

TRY THE CELEBRATED

'JO-GAR' CORSET BUSK

SPOON — STRAIGHT.

Price 6½d. Per Pair. Size 10 to 14 in. long.

THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Over 1,500,000 Pairs already sold, giving universal satisfaction. Every pair guaranteed. They maintain their pre-eminence everywhere. Kept by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters; if they do not keep them, send for sample pair, post free 8 stamps from—

THE 'JO-GAR' CORSET BUSK COMPANY, ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.

THE 'JO-GAR' CORDED CORSETS Are the best in the world for strength, style, and hard wear. The Busks will not break. *Please Mention this Paper.*

GIVEN FREE. A Fashionable ... with Marvel Parcel of

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

21/6 ... Carriage Paid ... 21/6

... 1 Ornate Pair Dining-room ... 1 Beautiful Pair Sitting-room ... 1 Pair Bedroom ... 1 Swiss Anti. ... 1 Lace Handkerchief ... 1 D'Oyleys ... Black Veil Net ... All Curtains Taped ... money returned ... 1894 Price List (Post Free), with 500 Illustrations of Curtains, Laces, Silk ... Mantle Capes, Roller Blinds, &c. P.O.O.'s payable to S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham. Est. 1857.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES 10/6

NEW FASHIONABLE SHA[PE] FOR SPRING 1894.

A complete revolution in the cost of garme[nts for] Ladies' wear, being supplied Direct from Manufacturer to the Wearer by means [of] Parcel Post, at less than half ordinary pri[ce].

Almost every paper in the United Kingdom bestows unlimited praise on these remarkable [Cos]tumes, which are made from The John N[oble] Cheviot Serge (Regd.), a fabric of great d[ura]bility and world-wide fame, and supplied [com]plete, as illustration, for the ridiculously low p[rice of] 10/6 each. Packed in Box and sent c[arriage] paid for 9d. extra. *Colours: Navy, Brown, G[renat], Myrtle, Reseda, Black, or the fashionable sh[ade of] Tan.*

THIS SKETCH illustrates the latest improve[ments] that have been made in the Lady's Half-Guine[a Cos]tume, which now consists of the Wide Belt and Improved Blouse Bodice. It is well [made] throughout, no slop work whatever being all[owed]. The Bodice is pleated back and front, has full fash[ion]able sleeves, bound seams, and belt; the ... and sleeves are well lined, and it can be worn ... or outside the skirt, which measures 40 ins ... The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar ... saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of ... Black Russia Braid, the whole thus forming ... the neatest and most serviceable Costumes ... introduced for Ladies' wear.

The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure ... 38 inches round the bust under arms. La[rger] special sizes made to order at a cost of 1/6 extr[a].

☞ *Don't make any mistake, John Noble's ... 10/6, is not for the mere Dress Length, but ... Complete Costume made up and ready for imm[ediate] wear.*

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS

FOR GIRLS are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, every frock being well made and carefully finished, with saddle top, long full sleeves, belt, and pocket (as illustration). Being loose fitting they thus allow ample room for development of the limbs, and are offered at such low prices that most ladies would refuse to make the frocks for the money even if the materials were supplied free. Please consider these prices :—

From 1/6 *Each.*

Lengths,	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	45 inches.
Price,	1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/-	4/6	5/-	5/6 each.

Postage 4½d. extra. Every purchaser delighted.

The Lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (REGD.) In Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda, or Black (fast colours), will not spot with rain, and may be washed whenever necessary. Being extra double width (52 inches) it cuts to the best advantage in making garments, and every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* can secure

☞ Thousands of delighted purchasers have been supplied with these Wonderful Costumes by means of the Parcels Post. A New Showroom has now been opened at 11, Piccadilly, for their sale direct to all Ladies who can make it convenient to call at The Warehouse. When visiting Manchester do not fail to call and inspect these marvellous productions.

A Full Dress Length of Six Yards for 7/6

Carriage paid for 9d. extra. Colours: Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda, or Black. PATTERNS, also Illustrated "Book of the Serge," and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's wear, sent, POST FREE, to any address.

THE OPENING SALE is now being held at the new Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, Manchester, and Bargains such as are rarely seen are being offered in Dress fabrics, House Linens, and other Goods for which the Firm is so well known. Box of Opening Sale Patterns and Catalogue, containing particulars of over 1,000 magnificent Bargains and Free Gifts, which are specially offered to commemorate the opening of the New Premises, sent post free on application.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD., The Warehouse, 11, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

GIVEN AWAY !!

Your Name in neat Rubber Type, your Monogram, bottle of Endorsing Ink, two Pads, Box, and Ink Brush, for 9d., post free; with Marking Ink, 1s. 3d. Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case with Name Stamp, 6d. Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 9d. Watch Case beautifully chased, with Name and Address Stamp, 1s., and every other description of Rubber Stamps half price. Agents wanted.—Address to

CRYSTAL PALACE (JOHN BOND'S DAUGHTER'S) GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, N. CAUTION.—The Original and Genuine has the Trade Mark—"Crystal Palace."

A POST-CARD SIMPLY.

Write to the Manufacturers, W. PRETTY AND SON, Ipswich, for 24 Page Catalogue (17 Illustrations) of DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS gratis and post free. Phenomenal Success, 3/6 to 12/6.

H. Samuel's Marvel Watch. 4/9

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF STARTLING BARGAINS

AT FIRST COST. Direct from Manufacturer. WATCHES from 7/- Alberts, Brooches, Scarfpins, &c. from 1/- All kinds of Electro Silver Plate, Cutlery, Clocks &c., at WHOLESALE PRICES. VALUABLE PRIZES DISTRIBUTED amongst purchasers this month. Full particulars Free with H. Sa[muel's] Catalogue of 1,000 illustrations to any addre[ss] ... of testimonials. Lose no time. Writ[e] ...

H. SAMUEL, Largest English Watch Manu[facturer] ... 97, 99 and 101, also 69, Market Street, Manc[hester].

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS, for making NON-INTOXICATING BEER

The finest, most refreshing and pleasantest beverage obtainable. One tablespoonful of this Extract makes one gall. of splendid beer. Try it. A sample bot., enough to make 8 gals., post free for 9 stamps.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

Mason's Wine Essences, Non-intoxicating. For children's parties, and social gatherings. A 6d. bot. will make one gal. of delicious wine, free 9 stamps, or a bot. of both Extract and Wine Essence post free 15 stamps. Agents Wanted.

You Can't Get Away from it

JARED H. CANFIELD, Inventor.

There is only one

CANFIELD,

and this is its TRADE MARK.

As a Dress Preserver it is unrivalled.

Ladies who have done us the favo[ur of] recommending the "CANFIELD DRESS SHIELDS" to their friends are requ[ested] to send their names and addresses to ... Canfield Rubber Co., c/o W. E. P... Co., Manchester House, Friday St., E.C., Lo[ndon].

"One good turn deserves another." That's so, isn't it? Well, if you think we have done you a good turn by providing some enjoyable reading matter do us one by handing your copy on to a friend."

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 193.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1894. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAY OF A LAUGH.

HERE I am, perched at my open casement,
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen Miss
That comes rippling up from a room in the basement,
Just below this.

Morning, noon, and night I can hear her
Babbling away with her chatter and chaff,
And it seems as if all creation near her
Was just one laugh.

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for it?
Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit?
Could she be solemn, d'ye think, if paid for it?
Never a bit!

I can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprinting,
And see the mouth-corners upwards run;
I can catch her eyes with the frolic glinting,
Brimful of fun.

She must be pretty to laugh so prettily—
Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump;
Humorous, too, to see things so wittily—
Probably plump.

There now! she's off again. Peal upon peal of it,
Clear as a carillon, soft as a bell.
Why, it's infectious! *I'm* catching the feel of it!
Chuckling as well.

What was I dreaming? That musical melody
Trips up the scale, *arpeggio*.
So like—a voice that was hushed—ah! well-a-day,
Lost long ago.

Heigh-ho! to think of what little straws tickle us!
Just a girl's laugh—and *my* laughing one lies
Silent, and I—well, now, this is ridiculous—
Tears in my eyes!

A CHINESE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

IN China those who wish for an hour's rest, or for a quiet walk with a friend, can secure both by entering one of the large drinking halls, where covered cups are at once brought to them, each containing a measure of tea, whereon the waiter dexterously pours boiling water from a large kettle.

Probably they will call for melon-seeds and tobacco, possibly also for some sweetmeats; and ere they go their way they will have a second cup of tea for the good of the house, for all which entertainment they will pay about six cash, equal to about a halfpenny; or, if they have been very extravagant in the matter of sweet cake, their liabilities may have run up to so much as a penny a head.

A BUSY MAN.

ALTHOUGH women have few "rights" in France, as the word is generally used, and do not participate in government in any direct way, they possess in that country certain privileges which are quite unusual with us.

Among the tradespeople the wife, instead of being entirely apart from her husband's business, very often exercises a controlling influence over it.

Sometimes, among the lower classes, the French wife finds it necessary to chastise her husband in order to keep him rigidly to his duties.

Not long ago a party of Englishmen were travelling in a steamer on one of the French rivers. They arrived at a lock, which was closed, nor was there any visible sign of the lock-keeper.

Behind a bunch of trees near by rose the chimneys of a cottage, and presently from behind the same tuft of foliage came the sound of a series of howls, yells, and groans.

"Where is that lock-keeper?" someone asked the captain of the steamer.

"Oh, he'll be here presently," answered the captain calmly. "He can't come just now; he's busy. His wife's whipping him!"

[*All rights reserved.*]

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

THIS year I have entered upon the pleasant task of enlisting the sympathies of my readers in the F.A.F. rather earlier than usual, but then there is more to do. Hitherto we have only endeavoured to gladden the hearts and freshen the lungs of the half-starved little children of the London slums.

Many people living in our big provincial cities, although they have spared what they could in answer to my appeal, have been jealous for the sakes of their own little undergrowth whose lives are just as dim and unrelieved as those of the children living, for no fault of their own, in the noisome alleys of London.

And so besides carrying on the great work which my readers have instituted in this wilderness of bricks and mortar, I propose this year to extend the benefits of the F.A.F. to the little ones of the most important provincial centres—Belfast, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester.

Through the agency of Mr. Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, to whose untiring energy much of the F.A.F.'s success in the past is due, I have already been able to make arrangements with kind friends in these six cities, who have promised to carry out the work on precisely similar lines to those on which it is conducted in London.

The children are to be taken for a whole day in the country, and the only stipulation I have made is that the very poorest shall be selected, irrespective of sect or creed, little ones who would otherwise enjoy no holiday nor treat, so that the Fund will be, as it has been in London, supplementary, and in no wise superseding what has already been done by other philanthropic workers in the same direction.

To begin with I have promised the money to buy happiness for 5,000 little ones each in Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester, while Belfast and Dublin are to pick out 5,000 between them.

Besides these 25,000 provincial children, I hope there will be enough to provide for at least 35,000 little Londoners, making 60,000 in all. In the Great City there are many more than 35,000 children who, living in an atmosphere of perpetual gloom and smoke, have only heard of the glories of God's country from the thankful lips of their brothers and sisters, whom we have been able to help during the last two years to a peep of the earthly paradise which lies beyond the dismal fog-bound slums.

In the past my readers have been so liberal, that I have no fears for the future, and, indeed, with so many followers as *P.W.* has now, we ought to do great things this year. In fact, I have such confidence that this will be so, that I have absolutely guaranteed the money for the provincial towns, and I shall start in London in full confidence of obtaining enough to give a day's happiness to at least 35,000 of its poor children.

You can buy untold delights for 200 hard-lived little ones for £8 2s. Just think of it! For ninepence, the price of a paper-bound novel at a discount shop, you can purchase a whole day's happiness for one of these little human seeds who have fallen on stony ground.

While these words are still in your ears, go straight and send your contribution, however small it is, before the cares and worries of the office or the home drive away the echo of my pleadings on behalf of those whose lives are now in the balance of good and evil.

If everyone who reads *P.W.* were to forward just a penny it would mean about £8,000, or enough to send over 200,000 little ones into the country. However, every one won't, so we mustn't allow ourselves to even think of such mountains of joy.

In the case of both the forlorn children living in the dark recesses of the provincial towns, endlessly unamused and unhappy, and that of the little fishes of the London gutters, the sum of twopence-halfpenny will provide each holiday-maker with a substantial meat-pie, and threepence halfpenny more will pay for as much bread, jam, cake, and milk as they require. To go into details, half a pint of milk will cost three farthings, half a pound of bread a like amount, jam a halfpenny, and a quarter of a pound of plain, substantial cake one penny halfpenny. Each child's railway fare into the country will cost threepence by special arrangement, making a total of ninepence in all.

A whole day of untold delight for ninepence, with weeks before brightened with anticipations, and weeks afterwards cheered with the memory of the green fields, the flowers, the butterflies, the sunshine and the shade, and the unwonted meals.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Editor, *P.W.*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be thankfully acknowledged week by week in the paper. Collecting forms, can be had for the asking by those who are sufficiently interested in the cause we have at heart to care to assist in this invaluable way. As before, full accounts will be published at the end of the summer.

There are no expenses of management; every penny goes to the children and those who take them in the form of food or fares. The cost of organisation, and the expenses of those who assist in the entertainment of each party, are paid by *P.W.*, the Ragged School Union, and the provincial societies interested, so that the readers may know that every penny they give is clear profit to the little ones. *P.W.* and the R.S.U. each make a preliminary subscription of £100 towards the organising expenses.

"THE RECORD ROUND THE WORLD,"

AND HOW *P. W.* IS GOING TO CUT IT DOWN.

READERS who are interested in our attempt to reduce the Record Round the World from seventy-four days, at which it stands at present, to sixty-five days, the time in which we believe it possible to get round the planet, will peruse with interest the following telegram which has been received from Mr. George Griffith, the representative of *P. W.*, who is attempting this unparalleled feat. The telegram is from Naples, and runs as follows:—

"*The train service from Paris to Naples has been very satisfactory, the accommodation most comfortable, and good time has been maintained throughout. I am here to the minute, and the weather promises a pleasant run down the Mediterranean. All well so far, and everybody most attentive and anxious to do everything possible to help me on my way.*"

Mr. Griffith is at the present moment on his way to Yokohama by the North German Lloyd Mail steamship *Sachsen*. In the next number we hope to be able to report having heard from him as he passed through Port Said.

JUDGE: "You have been found guilty of murdering your parents for their money. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?"

Billy: "Nawthin', 'cept I think you might send me to an orphan asylum."

SELF-MADE Man (to highly-educated grandson): "Well, Teddy, my boy, and what do you learn at school?"

Teddy: "Latin and Greek, and French, and algebra."

Self-made Man: "Ho, indeed. And what's the algebra for cabbage?"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—Mistress: "Norah, what became of those cards Mrs. Alstyne and Miss de Mortimer left here yesterday?"

Norah: "I sint them to me cousin in Southport, ma'am. She does a dale of callin', an' I thought she'd be glad wid 'em."

"HAVE you any children, Jones?"

"Oh, yes. You know Robinson?"

"Which Robinson—Jonathan?"

"Yes. Know him very well. What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm going to tell you. He and I have fifty-one between us."

"What are you talking about? You must be crazy. What do you mean?"

"Oh, he lives on one side of the orphan asylum and I on the other."

More Paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY than to those of any other penny paper published in the world.

LOVE THROUGH A MASK.

CLEMENTS was a man with a mission. In fact, the only way in which he could account for his appearance in the world was the excuse that he had been sent to reform it. Absolutely nothing came under that man's notice without his interfering. As a rule he did a great deal more harm than good, but in the case of my friend Ample, of the Wool Exchange, Clements was the making of him.

It was Carnival time at Nice, and I had just come out of my hotel when I met Clements striding along the promenade with his hands in his pockets and a frown on his forehead, as if the cares of the world rested on his young shoulders. He wanted to pass me without stopping, but I caught him by the arm and twirled him round. He said:

"It won't do, you know. It'll have to be stopped."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," I said apologetically. "Do you mind explaining?"

"It's about Ample," he answered quickly, as though it were waste of time to speak to me. "He's going it a bit too fast."

"There's safety in numbers," I said, knowing what he referred to.

Clements frowned. It was characteristic of the man that he took more interest in other people's love affairs than anything else. Probably because if he had a weakness it was for a pretty woman. He said:

"Safety perhaps, but not propriety. I don't see why one man should monopolise all the best girls in Nice, and goodness knows there are few enough worth speaking to."

"Jealous at your age. Clements, my boy, I'm surprised at you. 'Pon my word I am."

"You idiot," he retorted contemptuously. I think he genuinely pitied me for thinking any man could cut him out with a woman. This riled me. I said:

"Well, I don't see what it's got to do with you, anyway."

His upper lip curled.

"Don't you," he sneered. "You wait and see. I'll cure him of trifling with cupid before I've finished with him," and in a moment he was gone.

I was angry with Clements for interfering with a business which was not his, but I was still more wrathful with Ample because his behaviour justified it. Only two days before he was writing in my room to a cousin he had left behind him in England, and whose heart he had evidently won although he had not yet claimed her hand. I teased him about her as a friend may tease, and told him he was foolish to leave the matter open, for a rival might step in while he was away enjoying himself in Nice. He said:

"By Jove, you're right, old man. I wish I had fixed the matter up before I came away. There's a young Routledge stopping in the house. He is the most beautiful boy I have ever seen, and the conceited young cub dared to run me close even while I was there. I expect they're engaged by this time," he added bitterly, so bitterly that I hastened to change the subject, and we talked of other things, till the waiter came in to light the gas, and he took himself off to dress.

Since then my pity for him had evaporated, for if his newly love was in jeopardy, he took care to insure himself against a painful climax by winning the hearts of several girls in this southern watering-place by the charm of his smile and the fascination of his handsome face.

Two days afterwards I met Clements again.

"You are going to the Fancy Dress Ball at the Opera House to-night, I suppose," he said. He seemed quite to have forgotten the little cloud which had threatened to shadow our friendship.

"In plain clothes," I answered. "And you?"

"I shall be there," he said.

"What about Ample? Have you seen him lately?"

Clements looked at me closely, as if he half suspected some hidden meaning in my question. Then he suddenly recovered himself, gave his shoulders a little hitch, and said he neither knew nor cared. At that moment a man went by and nodded to Clements. The sun was in my eyes, and I did not see his face. I asked Clements who his friend was.

"A young fellow called Routledge," he said.

"Ample's rival," I thought to myself; but, knowing Clements, I kept the thought to myself, and in another moment had forgotten all about it.

* * * *

It was twelve o'clock when I reached the Opera House, and when I discovered the box I had agreed to share with Ample I found it empty. I had half expected he would not come, and I went to the front and looked over into the crowded room.

The heat was stifling, and the dust was rising from the floor in clouds, in spite of the men who ran about with watering cans, sprinkling the boards.

It was a gay scene, with the thousands of men and women in fancy dress, and all their faces alike on account of the little half-masks they wore. There was small room for dancing, but now and then a space was cleared and a riotous galop or waltz began and ended with a rush for the refreshment-room, while the space the dancers had left was speedily filled by the promenaders, who criticised and chaffed one another with surprising freedom, confident that their identity was completely hidden beneath their masks.

The boxes, which rose tier after tier to the ceiling, were filled with people trying to breathe the exhausted air which swept up in suffocating waves from the floor below. Suddenly I saw some one signalling to me from the committee box, and in another moment Ample came rushing in in his usual enthusiastic way, which made one instinctively tuck one's feet under one's chair.

"I've met my fate this time, old man," he said, throwing himself into a seat, and panting softly from excitement and want of breath. "There's a girl up in the committee box there who is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. She met me in the corridor just now and asked me to take her upstairs. She is going to get a prize for her dress."

Then he began raving about her, and said her teeth were like the finest pearls, and her laugh like the chime of silver bells or the ripple of the water over the brown-ribbed sand. I forget what her hair was like, but as her head was entirely covered by her hat I don't think he quite knew himself. I listened for some time and at last he stopped for want of breath. I said:

"What about your cousin at home?"

He turned white for a minute, and I could see that his fingers were eating into the plush of his chair. Then he sighed.

"I can't help it," he said miserably. "Directly her eyes met mine I was fascinated, and by some magic spell all other women faded into insignificance."

At that moment I could have kicked him with the utmost satisfaction, but Ample was considerably the bigger man of the two.

"What do you mean?" I said instead.

"Don't look at me like that," he whined piteously. "I can't help it."

Then he got up and went outside. I stayed where I was, and in another moment I saw him below, with the girl on his arm. Her figure was certainly beautiful, but from where I stood I could neither see her eyes, which could work such havoc, nor her wondrous smile, although once she turned at Ample's bidding and looked up towards me.

They walked about together for some time, and presently they disappeared.

I learnt afterwards what had happened to them.

The girl was feeling faint from the heat of the room, and Ample suggested they should go out and take a turn on the terrace-street which ran along the low-roofed houses facing the sea. So they went along the quaint old cobbled market-place and mounted the stone steps which lead to the house-tops, where numbers of the masqueraders were enjoying the cool wind which had sprung up.

The moon was already in the west, and across the still Mediterranean it cast its silver shadow and danced with fairy steps on the tiny rippling waves.

They found a quiet nook under the shadow of the Opera House where they could carry on their conversation to the accompaniment of the faintly-heard music and the soft murmur of the moon-lit sea as it lapped against the rocks.

Ample pleaded with the girl to remove the mask through which her black eyes shone like stars, but with a little shudder she refused. And then she began to talk in her low, sweet voice, mellowed with a touch of sadness, and to Ample it was finer than any poetry he had ever read.

They had been there some time together when Clements suddenly appeared upon the terrace evidently looking for someone.

"There is your friend," the girl said, picking up her fan from the low stone wall on which they had been leaning. "Let us go back."

He assured her that nothing would induce him to go back to the ballroom, and that he would love to stay where he was forever, listening to the sweet music of her voice. She smiled, and settled herself down again resignedly, but presently, when Clements had disappeared, she discovered that she had lost her handkerchief, and asked Ample to go and look for it, giving him the number of her box.

He rose and went reluctantly, leaving her there, for he half feared that it might be a ruse to give him the slip.

There was the handkerchief, sure enough, in the box, and as he picked it up he started, for in the corner a coronet was delicately woven in finest silk.

He was hastening back, when, on the steps, he ran into the arms of Clements.

"Thank goodness, I've found you at last," Clements said, detaining the unwilling lover. "I say, old man, do be careful. Do you know who that woman is you are dancing with? For goodness' sake mind what you're about, or it'll be a case of coffee for one and pistols for two in the morning."

Ample was in a bad temper. He said he did not care a hang for duels, and he never drank coffee.

Then he pushed Clements on one side, and ran back to the terrace, his curiosity on fire.

To his intense relief he found his enchantress waiting there, and she welcomed him back with a smile that enraptured him.

With Clement's words ringing in his ears, he noticed for the first time now that the lower part of her face wore a sad and wearied expression. She thanked him sweetly for the handkerchief, and then, resting her arms on the parapet, gazed silently over the sea.

In vain he tried to resume the old merry talk. At last he ventured to rest his hand on her shoulder, and to ask her the cause of her melancholy. At first she parried his questions, giving him vague and meaningless answers; but slowly he drew from her the story of her life, and then he no longer wondered at her misery.

She was an orphan. Her father and mother (who was an Italian) had died when she was still at school, leaving her and all her fortune to the care of a cousin of her mother's—an Italian count, an impecunious gambler.

"There is no one else in the wide, wide world I know," she added sadly; "and to-morrow I marry this man, whom I hate with a deadly hate. I loathe him! I loathe him!" she repeated, clenching her hands. "But I am at his mercy."

Ample was thunderstruck. It was sheer madness, but he seized her hand and kissed it, and vowed in his impetuous way that she should never marry anyone in the world she did not love so long as he was alive and free to protect her.

But she drew her hand away and shook her head mournfully. "Some people are born to misery," she said, keeping her eyes fixed on the water. "I am one of them. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, there is always one way out of all one's troubles," and she glanced yearningly at the jagged rocks, which rose high and bare in the moonlight, at the eastern wing of the bay.

The thought of the beautiful creature being driven to suicide was like a draught of some intoxicant to Ample. He would marry her himself and laugh at the future. He seized her in his arms and told her so in all the eloquence of sudden love. But she broke away from him, and struck his arm with unexpected force, turning her reproachful eyes on him.

"What about your English cousin?" she said with chilling emphasis, although her voice was sad and low.

For a moment Ample sprung back as if he had been shot. He gazed at the woman before him, stupefied by her unexpected blow and the question which had followed it.

"Great Heavens!" he said desperately. "How did you know!" But before he had asked the question he knew the answer, and in his heart he reviled Clements as a babbling ass and longed to have vengeance upon him.

In a moment he had recovered himself. He would have risked everything in the world for the beauty who stood half defiantly before him, her breath coming quickly from emotion, her lips slightly parted. The half mask only tantalised him—he was madly—desperately in love.

"Do you think," he said, "that a man would not drop a fragile, wayside flower when he had the chance of plucking some rare exotic."

"Hush!" she said. "Hush! *he* is coming! Leave me—leave me, or he will kill us both. If he see us together we are lost."

She was shivering with terror, and Ample looked up and saw a tall, masked figure approaching.

"Never," he said. "I cannot and will not leave you to his mercy."

"Go! Go!" she cried. "I shall be on the steps of the Opera House at four. There we will say good-bye for ever, but for my sake leave me now."

She returned his passionate kiss, and in another moment he was standing in the street below—alone.

* * * *

I knew nothing of all this at the time. I thought Ample had flown from danger and gone home, but when I met Clements and he told me that the silly fellow was on the terrace with the woman who had so strangely fascinated him I was wrathful and sorry too.

I stuck with Clements after that, and we both got sick of the whole thing, and determined to go to bed. It was nearly four then.

At the bottom of the steps Clements suddenly touched my arm.

"There's Ample," he said.

We crossed over to where our friend was standing on the other side of the street. He was leaning against the wall and smoking a cigar.

"What in the world are you doing here?" I asked.

"Nothing!" he said, shortly. "Good night."

He tried to look unconcerned, but I guessed there was something up, and I did not want him to make an ass of himself. I implored him not to wait. But he was like a moth drawn to the candle flame, and although we tried to get him away he would not come.

Just at that moment there was a rustle of skirts behind us. A muffled figure laid a fair hand on Ample's arm, and the gentle voice of the charmer said in his ear:

"Do you still prefer the exotic to the wayside flower?"

Ample seemed to forget where he was, or that we were near.

"Now and for ever," he said passionately, seizing her hand and drawing her towards him.

With a quick jerk she released herself, and stepped back with a laugh.

Throwing off her mask and domino she stood revealed—the young man Routledge.

For a moment I was dumfoundered, but I saw Ample spring forward with the cry of a wounded animal. Like an arrow shot from an archer's bow the boy disappeared in the darkness of the narrow streets which cross and recross one another like a maze behind the market-place, and although Ample went after him like a madman, we knew there would be no murder that night.

I stood for some time looking after them. Then Clements laid his hand on my shoulder.

"I think I have broken him of his flirting at last," he said with a satisfied chuckle.

But the next time Ample met Clements he broke the world's reformer of his habit of interfering with other people's business once and for all. They were mutually improved.

And what became of the cousin?

She married the clever young actor, Routledge.

AN Irishman describes the influenza "as a disease that keeps you ill three weeks after you get well."

"SINTINCED for loife, d' yer say? Arrah, then, if the judge had his eyes about him, he might ha' seen that Dinnis was that delicate that he'd niver live to sarve out a life sintince."

MOTHER: "Tom, you mustn't go fishing with Freddy Slowcum. He is just getting over the measles."

Tom: "There won't be any danger, ma, I never catch anything when I'm fishing."

WE passed upon the oaken stair,
With never a bow or smile;
And I coolly gazed in her eyes so rare,
Though my heart beat fast the while.
Ah, why was it thus that she walked away?
Why did I my feelings smother?
You see, there was nothing that I could say,
For we didn't know each other.

A E	ROHS	HOME
S	T	N
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Don't overlook the chance given you at the top of the next page.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

NEVER a week passes without scores of letters being received at this office from people who have seen copies of our miniature dictionaries, and are anxious to purchase them. The desire to obtain one of these unique little books is evinced by the many thousands who enter for the competitions in which they are offered weekly.

But for the fact that we have always made it a rule never to sell any of the articles that we give as prizes, we could easily have disposed of hundreds of them a week.

To give everyone who wishes to obtain one of these miniature dictionaries a chance of doing so, *I offer a thousand free* to the first thousand people who send in a quarter's subscription to *Short Stories*, that is, 1s. 8d.

Short Stories is a charmingly illustrated little paper, and it is no exaggeration to call it one of the best pennyworths now before the public, and this offer gives everyone a chance of getting a copy of it post free for thirteen weeks, and of obtaining also one of our much-renowned little dictionaries free.

MAKING HER JEALOUS.

YOUNG MR. DUNCAN: "I beg your pardon, Miss Allen, but I understand that you are engaged to Mr. Spark."

Miss Allen (frigidly): "Well, sir?"

Duncan: "I have no wish to offend, but if such is the case I deem it my duty to inform you of something which you ought to know."

Miss Allen: "What is the nature of it?"

Duncan: "Mr. Spark has another sweetheart."

Miss Allen: "Sir! How dare you say such a thing?"

Duncan: "I am but repeating what I heard."

Miss Allen (interrupting): "I would advise you not to believe everything you hear irresponsible people say."

Duncan: "I have this on unquestionable authority."

Miss Allen (sarcastically): "Indeed! Would you mind naming your authority?"

Duncan: "Certainly. It was Mr. Spark himself."

Miss Allen: "Oh, you are certainly mistaken."

Duncan: "Not at all. I can produce at least ten men who heard him say only yesterday that he had a sweetheart whom he was going to marry soon, and the name he mentioned was not yours."

Miss Allen: "What was the name of the creature?"

Duncan: "Rooney, I believe—Little Annie Rooney he called her, affectionately."

WHAT THE RICH PAY FOR THEIR JEWELLERY.

FEW people have any idea of the enormous sums of money spent on jewellery by wealthy people in this country. If statistics were obtainable, the amount would certainly run into millions of pounds per annum. To gain some idea of the prices of valuable jewellery, *P.W.* paid a visit to the works of one of the most famous London jewellers, whose manager, in reply to various inquiries, gave the following details:—

"There is practically no limit to the price of jewellery, and it is quite possible, though certainly exceptional, for a single article to be worth £100,000. A pearl necklet is sold occasionally for as much as £40,000, but then it should be stated that a jeweller may have occupied several years in getting together a collection suitable for such a necklet. The pearls are the very finest, and it is essential for them to be of a uniform size and colour. As a matter of fact, they are usually bought one at a time, whenever they are to be obtained.

"A tiara of diamonds, again, will sometimes fetch between £30,000 and £40,000. I have also known earrings to be sold for £7,000 a pair; even a scarf pin may be priced as high as £1,000. Valuable brooches run to all sorts of inconceivable prices, some of them costing £10,000, and even rings occasionally fetch £3,000 each; while the sale of a bracelet for £1,000 is by no means an uncommon occurrence."

My informant handed me a watch, the price of which is £500. It is a sort of pocket encyclopædia, even going so far as to record the phases of the moon. There is a regular trade going in this class of article, even at the high figure of £500.

"We make the most curious articles sometimes," he continued. "Some time ago we had an order to fit a watch into a lady's ring; we accepted the commission, and manufactured an accurate timekeeper the size of a threepenny-piece. The King of Siam has commissioned us to make a full-sized umbrella case in gold, while for the Sultan of Johore we once made a large model of the Albert Memorial in solid gold.

"Some while back we made a watch and chain which cost £5,000. The whole case was studded with diamonds and precious stones, and on the back we put the photograph of the purchaser in enamel. Even the spaces in the links were filled up with diamonds. The watch and chain are now worn by a reigning monarch. Plenty of ladies' watches are sold at a hundred pounds a-piece, and some occasionally at as high a figure as £3,000. Snuff-boxes, again, sometimes run into hundreds of pounds."

THAT ODD THING "HONOUR."

WHILE, broadly speaking, a man of honour will receive consideration as such the world over, honour being a quality that is not restricted to the members of any one race or creed, yet it cannot be denied that in different countries different standards of honour prevail.

Some few months ago Berlin society was considerably startled by the announcement that Lieutenant-General von Kirchoff had forced his way into the house of the managing editor of the BERLIN TAGBLATT and fired a revolver point blank at him, fortunately without inflicting any injury, although, owing to the journalist having tottered for a moment, the general left under the impression that he had mortally wounded his man.

A year previously the BERLIN TAGBLATT had republished from a Potsdam paper a paragraph to the effect that the daughter of one of the officers stationed at Brandenburg had disappeared from his house simultaneously with his soldier servant. The TAGBLATT and the Potsdam paper which had first published the item were prosecuted by the Government for maligning the army, and were each sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000 marks. No names were mentioned either in the paragraph or during the legal proceedings. Somehow or other, Lieutenant-General von Kirchoff got hold of the idea that the slander was levelled at his family, and gradually became more and more convinced that such was the case and that the honour of his name and uniform was at stake.

Shortly after this he was placed on the retired list, solely because he had attained the age limit, although he felt assured that it was in connection with the TAGBLATT paragraph. Accordingly, in October last, full twelve months after the law suit, he invaded the domicile of Editor Harrich, and while the latter, with his wife and children, was seated at dinner, demanded at the point of his pistol that the utterly defenceless man should write himself a liar and a low cad, and fired before the editor had even time to make a reply.

Had the general been an ordinary citizen, instead of an "excellency" and a general, he would at once have been placed in gaol and then sentenced by the criminal courts to a long term of imprisonment. But as he happened to be an officer, although retired, he was exempted from the jurisdiction of the criminal courts and liberated on parole, pending his appearance before a court-martial composed of eight of his brother generals, noblemen like himself, who merely inflicted upon him the sentence of eight days' imprisonment, which the Emperor William remitted on the ground, approved by the aristocratic KREUZ ZEITUNG, that the general's act had been "prompted by an acute sense of honour, for which sympathy alone can be felt."

In this case "honour" impelled the general to commit what practically amounted to a heinous crime and brutal outrage, just in the same way that similar considerations induce German and Austrian officers to hew down with their sabres in the public streets any unarmed civilian whom they deem to have insulted them by word, or deed, or even by look. From a legal point of view they are all wrong, but according to military ethics on the subject of "honour," they have no other course open to them.

Should an officer refrain from immediately using his sabre or pistol if he believes himself to be in danger of being struck, or even of being insulted by a person whom he considers to be his social inferior, and as such debarred from giving satisfaction in a duel, he is thought to have permitted his "honour," as well as that of the corps to which he belongs, to be tarnished, is forced to leave the army, and is subjected to social ostracism.

You affect a man's "honour" on some parts of the Continent if you fill his glass by slanting the bottle backward instead of forward; I have known one of the numerous Counts Coudenhove, of Austria, to be compelled to fight a most sanguinary duel for having been guilty of such a breach of etiquette. In the same way, in the Orient, if, in showing the blade of a sword to an acquaintance you happen to turn the edge thereof toward him, he will consider his "honour" impugned; and if, by any chance he is a Japanese, he is capable of going off and committing suicide by ripping himself open, leaving a document stating that, having been insulted by you, honour demanded that he should commit hari-kari, and calling upon his nearest relatives to avenge him by killing you.

In connection with questions pertaining to honour, it is a peculiar fact that even in republican countries where, theoretically at any rate, all men are supposed to be equal, it is a quality that is considered to be monopolised by those of gentle birth and breeding. This would seem to imply that people of humbler origin are incapable of honour or of appreciating its various phases, and considerable colour is lent to this hypothesis by the fact that in war-time, it is merely officers who are admitted to parole, the rank and file being held incapable of either plighting their word of honour or of keeping any such pledge when given.

The query will thereupon naturally arise as to what constitutes a gentleman, since gentlemen alone are considered capable of appreciating the true sense of the word "honour." That again, however, is a subject which calls for a far longer explanation than can be given here, since in every country different notions prevail as to what constitutes a gentleman and what does not.

Indeed, nearly every one seems to have different ideas upon the subject, and the diversity of opinion is extremely great. Thackeray, for instance, declined to recognise the title of King George IV. to the appellation, and found in George Washington and Admiral Collingwood the true models of gentlemen—an opinion which will doubtless meet with the indorsement of all high-minded people. Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, on the other hand, describes the late Abingdon Baird as "the finest gentleman in the world," an opinion which is, to say the least, open to discussion.

There are many things which it appears a gentleman may do nowadays in Europe without incurring the loss of his right to that designation by Society, or forfeiting what the latter regards as his "honour." Thus, he may avoid his creditors, provided they are tradespeople or friends who, instead of being content with his plighted word, have accepted the additional security of a promissory note. Indeed, the passing of any paper between creditor and debtor is held to remove the obligation from the list of debts of honour and places it among the so-called "tradesmen's debts," the non-payment of which involves no loss of "honour."

Debts of honour—that is to say, loans based merely on verbal obligations and bets—must be paid at all costs, according to the ethics governing the "code of honour," even if the debtor has to obtain the money by means of methods which verge not only upon the dishonourable, but even on the criminal.

It is for this reason that we sometimes hear of young men going to the length of stealing their mother's jewels, or of forging the name of their nearest and dearest relatives (as did the eldest son of an English peer the other day), for the sake of paying their debts of honour, failing which they can no longer hope to retain the social status of a gentleman.

One has heard of men committing suicide, like young Count Aloys Hardegg lately at Vienna, and the last Marquis of Hastings, years ago in London, because they were unable to pay their "debts of honour," but one has never heard of a gentleman taking his own life because he could not pay his tailor. Connection with a divorce suit, far from detracting from the "status of a gentleman," is, on the contrary, rather a feather in his cap, excepting in cases where the co-respondent prefers to speak the truth and acknowledge his guilt rather than perjure himself in the witness-box "like a gentleman."

The most mortal of all sins in the eyes of Society, the one that entails above everything else the forfeiture of the title of gentleman and of all honour, is unfair play at cards; and it is no secret that the majority of the great families in Europe would infinitely prefer to have a murderer among their relatives than a man convicted of the offence which resulted in the social ostracism of Sir William Gordon Cumming, of the Duke of Roxburghe's son-in-law, George Russell, and of Major the Hon. Walter Harbord, brother of Lord Suffield.

These, perhaps, are the principal things which a "gentleman" and a "man of honour" may and may not do according to the tenets of European Society. The latter may be summed up in brief as the payments of debts of honour, reticence with regard to all "*affairs de cœur*," and playing fairly at cards.

Provided a man does not break these three commandments, he may commit every other sin with impunity, and if only he be of gentle birth, his shortcomings will be regarded merely in the light of venial eccentricities.

TOURIST: "These are beautiful mountains, but how much more picturesque would they look if there was an ancient ruin on the summit."

Hotel Keeper: "Yes, I believe an ancient ruin would draw more tourists. Next year I am going to have one built."

THE governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day.

"An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?"

"A red-hot poker."

A LUDICROUS mistake happened not long ago at a funeral. The clergyman proceeded with the service until he came to the part which says, "Our deceased brother or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was male or female, so he turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, and much to the clergyman's confusion:

"No relation at all, sir; only an acquaintance."

TWAS all in vain he lightly sped
A shaft satiric,
Or sought to turn her pretty head
With dulcet lyric.

She listened with a lofty air
To such beguiling,
And left him almost in despair,
But never smiling.

Until he struck some orange peel,
With feet upraising;
And then did she her mirth unseal
Midst throes amazing.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1875. What People now under One Constitution have been Ruled by the Greatest Number of Governments?

The Italians. In the Middle Ages we find Italy divided into States, which were very variously governed. Naples and Sicily were ruled by Kings, whose power was limited by a Parliament; but subsequently they passed under the despotic Spanish monarchy. By Napoleon Naples was constituted a Republic, but monarchy was soon after re-established. Central Italy was for ages subjected to the ecclesiastical despotism of the Popes. Florence was once a pure Republic. Then the Medici family ruled the State, first under Republican forms, then as Dukes. Genoa was governed successively by Consuls and by a *podesta*, the Constitution being Republican. Then despots, called "captains of liberty," prevailed for a time. The State afterwards passed under the rule of Dukes, who were followed in succession by Republican and Monarchical Governments. Milan was for centuries subject to Dukes; but it has also been ruled by Kings and Emperors, and it was once a Republic. Venice commenced her great career as a Republic, which was first Consular, then Tribunes superseded the Consuls, and Doges followed the Tribunes. The Constitution gradually became an Oligarchy. By Napoleon Venice was ceded to the Austrian Monarchy.

1878. What Great Soldier has done most for the Advancement of Civilisation?

Professor Creasy says that "there are four men in history to whom we look up as founders of enduring institutions, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon." The last-named lived too late to have an effect on civilisation compared with that of the first three. He need not be considered therefore in answering this question. The above-named writer goes on: "It was certainly destined that the intellectual treasures of Greece should be diffused throughout the world. The execution of this great civilising process was mainly due to the genius of Alexander in the East, and to that of Cæsar in the West. It was, moreover, chiefly by the genius of a single man, of Charlemagne, that the heritage of classic civilisation was rescued in mediæval times from destruction, and preserved to become the civilisation of modern Europe." The fact that this diffusion of civilisation in Europe, where it has flourished most, was in great part due to Julius Cæsar, would seem to show that he is the man who has done most for civilisation. But still he is hard pressed by the other two, and especially by Alexander, of whom Niebuhr says: "He was a man of extraordinary importance in history, inasmuch as he gave a new appearance to the whole world."

1880. Which Monarch of Past Times has had his or her Character Most Completely Rehabilitated by recent Historians?

As regards ancient times the answer would certainly be Alexander the Great, whom modern research has shown to be anything but the ambitious maniac, inspired by mere lust of blood and conquest and insatiable ambition, that he was believed to be by the historians of two hundred years ago. He is now known to have been perhaps the most potent and intelligent factor in the civilisation and commercial progress of his time. In our own times Henry VIII., thanks chiefly to the efforts of Mr. Froude and Mr. Green, has been made, so to speak, quite a new man of. Instead of the savage, vicious, and bigoted despot that he was almost universally believed to be up to the dawn of modern historical criticism, he was a frank, dauntless, generous man; a strong, enlightened, and, for his times, by no means harsh ruler. Whatever may be said of his conjugal complications, his morality will compare very favourably with that of contemporary monarchs. He was a good, though cautious, friend to constitutional government; he occupied the throne at a most critical period, and did his work well, if sometimes roughly. Last, but not least, it must be remembered that he possessed the personal qualities which won him the admiration and even the devotion of the best men of his time. Such a man could not have been the monster that so many historians have painted him as being.

1879. Which Part of the Human Body has the Greatest Natural Tendency to Heal in Case of Injury?

The mouth and its appurtenances, as shown by common experience. For example, in cases of lanced gums, wounds caused by tooth-drawing, injuries to the palate or the uvula, a scalded or a bitten tongue, a tongue mutilated accidentally or through the necessities of an operation, or even removed altogether. The healing process, in comparison to that which would take place in connection with like injuries to any other part of the body, is remarkable for the rapidity of its action. The cause is chiefly due to the facts that (1) The given parts, more especially, perhaps, the tongue, are most freely supplied with small blood-vessels, hence have great recuperative power; (2) They are more protected from the atmosphere, and hence from microbes; (3) The saliva which, under such circumstances, is generally copious, has great healing, and to some extent (as is the case with the mucus of the nostrils) antiseptic, properties, of which a dog healing his wounds by the simple process of licking them is a familiar example.

1881. Is there Reason to Believe that Men Possess a Sense of Direction Similar to that of Animals?

Yes; but it must be looked for only in the least civilised types of man. The higher man rises, the more does he resort to ingenious devices for all that he does; and the sense of direction seems to yield entirely to one of artificial advance. The sailor depends on his compass; and the Romans, Greeks, and other navigators had so little of the sense of direction, that they crept along shore, not venturing far out to sea until the compass was invented. Evidence that the savage—more or less—possesses a sense of direction, is afforded in overwhelming degree. The savage tribes of Africa, such as the pigmies found by Stanley, wander in the forest, quite unable to guide themselves by the stars, yet they travel with a set purpose. The same may be said of the Australian aborigines. At the very lowest ebb of humanity they do not resort to star guidance. A kind of instinct carries them on their way, and with wonderful results. This has been so frequently pointed out by travellers, as to lead us to the assumption that men very low in the stages of civilisation do possess a sense of direction similar, if not quite as acute, to that of animals.

1882. Which is the Greatest and Most Successful Newspaper Hoax ever Perpetrated?

The most successful newspaper hoax ever perpetrated was the work of two New York journalists, Locke, the editor of THE SUN, and Clark, of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. A series of papers appeared in THE NEW YORK SUN in the last week of August, 1833, which purported to be a narration of some astounding discoveries made on the surface of the moon by means of Herschel's telescope. The moon, those enterprising journalists said, had been brought to an apparent distance of only eight miles from the earth, and the inhabitants, their houses, and the nature of the country were plainly seen and as accurately described. Vivid descriptions were given of the plant and animal life on our satellite, and of a peculiar race of human beings living there with wings like bats. These reports were copied in the leading newspapers, and formed almost the sole topic of conversation until the fraud was discovered a few days later. THE NEW YORK SUN thus obtained an advertisement the effect of which was noticeable for many years after.

1883. Which Domesticated Animal Retains most of its Wild Characteristics?

The cat. Though capable of attachment chiefly to places and persons who supply its creature wants it still retains beneath its tameness and timidity the capricious temper and treachery which belong to its class in a wild state. The propensity to torment its prey before killing it outright is not altered in the least by domestication. It, amongst domestic animals, maintains the greatest freedom of life and retains its preference for its natural prey, hunting and attacking it in methods wholly uninfluenced by man. Domestication seems to teach the cat to disguise rather than give up its wild appetites, for, whenever it can, it will seize what it wants. Its instincts are not so amenable to discipline as those of the dog, and it cannot be trusted to forego a favourable opportunity to plunder. Its nocturnal and rambling habits doubtless foster these instincts. The ineradicable taint of wildness frequently shows itself in the ease with which domestic cats, from choice, revert to a wild life in the woods, tempted by birds and young game.

1885. Has an Eclipse of the Moon ever been Seen by Daylight?

This phenomenon was noted in the eclipses of the moon of June, 1666, May, 1668, and again on December 16th, 1880, for two minutes before the sun disappeared below the horizon. The explanation of this curious fact may be found in the laws which govern the refraction of light. The lunar eclipse can only happen at or near full moon, and it is visible to the hemisphere of the earth which is turned towards the moon. A ray of light in passing through our atmosphere from an outside luminary is bent towards the earth, so that at the rim of this hemisphere the discs of both sun and moon can be seen, and, therefore, given favourable weather, an observer on this rim can witness a lunar eclipse while the sun is still shining. Of course this phenomenon could only take place just before sunset, or just after sunrise, and not in the middle of the day.

1888. Which Christian Name has Belonged to the Greatest Number of Distinguished Persons?

The Christian name which has been the appellation of the most celebrated personages is undoubtedly that of William. Monarchy is represented by "The Conqueror," the Prince of Orange, and the Sailor King, William IV., whilst among hundreds of minor lights, each brilliant in their own particular circle, the following names may be justly considered illustrious:—Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Cowper, Collins, Mason, and Shenstone, poets; Sir W. Jones (eighteenth century), Tyndale, William of Malmesbury, Thackeray, and Cobbett, writers of various kinds; Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, William of Wykeham, and Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, divines; Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire, Pitt, the celebrated Earl of Chatham, also his second son, William Pitt the younger, and the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, statesmen; Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, Hunter, and Sir William Gull, physicians; Penn and Wilberforce, philanthropists; Caxton, inventor of printing; Hogarth, painter and engraver; Wollaston, philosopher; Sir W. Blackstone, lawyer; Chambers, the celebrated architect; and Sir William Wallace, the famous Scotsman. The above list refers to the United Kingdom only, but if other nations were included the result would not be altered.

1889. Are Negro Babies Born Black?

No. At birth a negro child is of a reddish nut-brown colour, which turns to a slaty-grey in the first week of the child's existence. The black colour is not fully developed for a period varying from one to three years, according to the nature of the locality and the influences of climate. Darwin says that the children of the Australians, immediately after birth, are yellowish brown, and become dark at a later age. Those of the Guaranys of Paraguay are whitish yellow, but they acquire in the course of a few weeks the yellowish-brown tint of their parents. It is curious to notice that the eyes of a negro child are blue at birth, and his hair of a dark chestnut colour, being only curled at the ends.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1911. Which British ministry has contained the greatest number of premiers, past, present, and prospective?

1912. Why do animals sometimes possess organs which are useless or even injurious to them?

1913. To what extent can it be said that diet directly affects mental and moral development?

1914. Granted the possibility, what would be the effect of the disarmament of one of the European Powers?

1915. Volume for volume, which is the most absorbent body in Nature?

1916. Which living creatures have been *proved* to possess the power of living longest under the worst conditions?

1917. How far do the fluctuations of fashion affect the conditions of animal and vegetable life?

1918. In which part of the world has misgovernment produced the worst economic effects?

1919. Which may fairly claim to be the most distinguished family in the history of the world?

1920. Which standard coin has varied most in value?

A Boon for Professional and Mercantile Men not Provided for by a Life Insurance Policy:

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS.

Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to learn that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, are now transacting the above class of business.

Policies are issued against Sickness alone, or against Sickness combined with Accidents, for Amounts from £1 to £10 per week.

NO LIABILITY BEYOND PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.

Insure against a contingency which must arise sooner or later.

Apply for prospectus to the—

Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited,

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager.

Our attempt to break the Record Round the World goes well so far. See page 577.

HOW TO MAKE CAKES.

I DON'T see why the big folks all
  Should go to cooking school,
For it's easy enough to make a cake
  If you make it by this rule :

First, you must have an apron
  That you're not afraid to hurt,
For in this recipe we use
  For flour sifted dirt.

Then dig with an iron spoon
  A hole in the cool, dark ground,
And put in dirt and water,
  Stirring it round and round.

And then a handful of pebbles
  You'd best put into the dough.
What are these for ? In this recipe
  Pebbles are raisins, you know.

And when you get it all thick enough,
  You make it into a cake ;
Then put it on a nice clean board
  And set in the sun to bake.

Dear me ! I'd most forgot to say
  You must sprinkle with sugar (or sand),
And when they're done no better cakes
  Will be found in Babyland.

That's all ! You see, to learn to cook
  You don't need to make a fuss,
Though mamma says, when she comes to the door,
  "Why, Bessie, child ! What a muss ! "

A BROKEN BARGAIN.

THE captain of one of the steamships plying between New York and Liverpool, which arrived at the former port a few days ago with over six hundred immigrants, tells a somewhat amusing story of a heated interview held between himself and one of them on the voyage across. The vessel had been out a few days and had encountered some heavy seas. The first morning that calmer weather prevailed one of the steerage passengers appeared for the first time on deck, and with a face as white as a sheet, approached the captain :

"This has got to stop," he said angrily.

"What has ? " asked the captain in surprise.

"This feeling of death. When I bought my ticket I was told it included meals, but I can't keep any food down. Now it has got to stop, captain, or else I want my passage money back. You can't break your contract in this fashion with me."

It took all the captain's ingenuity to pacify him during the rest of the trip.

WHY AN ARMY OFFICER CANNOT LIVE ON HIS PAY.

THE life of a military officer who is not possessed of riches is one of continual embarrassment, for he is for ever harassed by that most prosaic of subjects, the clothes problem ; that is to say, he is always wondering, either how he is going to pay for his next uniform or how long his tailor will wait for a settlement of his account.

The following figures give an idea of the difficulty an officer experiences in steering clear of the Bankruptcy Court and yet managing to dress according to the custom of commissioned soldiers.

The pay of a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery is 7s. 8d. per day, yet this very officer has to disburse no less a sum than £24 10s. for his regimental dress jacket—or just sixty-four days' pay for a single garment. On his sabretasche and slings he has to expend seven guineas.

A lieutenant in the Infantry receives only 6s. 6d. per day, but his scarlet tunic, for which he has to pay out of his own pocket, costs sixteen guineas, his cap nine guineas, and his full-dress trousers £4 per pair. If any reader of *P. W.* is thinking of joining a Highland regiment as an officer, he had better hesitate, for his bonnet alone will cost him £10 10s.

A major in the Hussars receives the munificent sum of 15s. per day ; yet his tunic costs him £30—or exactly forty days' pay. A lieutenant in this regiment, for some extraordinary reason, is worse off than his superior officer, for while he only gets 7s. 8d. per day, he has to pay £25 for his tunic—or almost sixty-three days' pay ! For his busby he has to pay £15 10s., for his mess-vest £10 10s., and the same sum for his shoulder-belt. An officer in the Lancers is out of pocket to the tune of £17 for his cap alone, and £11 10s. for his patrol jacket.

In the Dragoons an officer expends £9 on his plated helmet, £11 10s. on his frock-coat, £9 10s. on his stable jacket, and £4 10s. on a single pair of trousers. A cavalry officer's gloves actually cost him £1 5s. per pair.

Cheap outfits are out of the question, for the simple reason that there is more vanity in the army than in any half-dozen other professions. A soldier must be well dressed, not only for the sake of his regiment, but in order to keep himself outside the range of the sneers of men well provided with money.

IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN.

IT is pleasant to pierce the halo of mystery which surrounds the name of royalty and to find in the relics of her childhood days, that even the Queen was once moved by the same delights and filled with the same interests as thousands of her little subjects are to-day.

However, it is no easy matter to obtain permission to enter the private gardens at Osborne, where many of the toys belonging to the present Royal family are zealously guarded, together with a museum of curiosities from all parts of the world, which the same children collected when they grew to man's estate and had thrown the spade and barrow on one side and ceased to take an active interest in the watering can.

It is here that all the relics of Victoria's gardening are kept, and those of her children, and her children's children.

The garden at Osborne is only some three acres in extent, but it is one blaze of colour, with a background of undulating, close-cut lawn, and extensive shrubberies.

On the right hand side of the entrance I was shown the children's tool-house, built, as the gardener said with pardonable pride, by the hands of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1857. This is recorded on a slip of wood in the Queen's own handwriting.

The building is still in good condition, firm and substantial, and it shows that the princes were once good carpenters, and, indeed, the Prince Consort always taught his children to do things well.

It is preserved exactly as it was when the princes and princesses were little children. Each child had a perfect set of garden tools, a barrow, and a waggon, while the Queen was the proud owner of a special waggon. Each set of tools is marked with the initials of its royal owner save those which belonged to Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Albany.

After the tool-house, one is shown the fortifications, which were designed and built by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, who, when young, were very fond of any work in which the use of mortar was allowed.

These fortifications were built under the eye of the Prince Consort, and the Queen would often come out and lend her advice and sweet encouragement.

Here many a battle has been fought and brought to a peaceful issue. The dukes who built the fortress would defend it against the combined attacks of their brothers and sisters. But often the Prince of Wales and his rabble army would prove victorious, and Prince Alfred and Prince Arthur were driven off the battlements and compelled to seek refuge in the under-ground chamber, which was proof against the perpetual onslaughts of the enemy, and in which they had a separate store of arms.

CORA : "You have a fine sense of the ridiculous."

Dick (rather flattered) : "Why do you think so ? "

Cora : "I noticed you smiling at yourself in the mirror."

LITTLE TOMMY (son of host) : "Oh, Mr. Newrich, I do so wish I was you."

Mr. Newrich : "Do you, my little man ? And why do you wish you was me ? "

Little Tommy : "'Cos you don't get your fingers rapped when you put your knife in your mouth."

GUIBOLLARD looks at his watch with concern.

"I can't understand," he says to his wife, "what has happened to my watch ? I think it must want cleaning."

"No, papa," chimes in little Fanny ; "I am quite sure it is clean, because baby and I have washed it in the basin."

THE late Rector of Handsworth is the authority for the following anecdote. At the yearly examination of his parish schools the inspector was putting a class of little girls through the Child's Catechism, and addressed to one the question :

"Child, who made your vile body ? "

"Please, sir," was the answer, "mother made the body and I made the skirt."

ALICE (five years old) : "I hope it will be a pleasant day for my party to-morrow, auntie."

Auntie : "I trust it will, dear ; the newspapers say to-morrow will be fair."

Alice : "Do the newspapers always know ? "

"One cannot rely on them, certainly, for occasionally they make mistakes."

"Only God and grandma's corns know for certain, don't they, auntie ? "

SEARCH LIGHT

(PEARSON'S MONTHLY).

3d. *Published the first of each month.* **3d.**

This Magazine contains the most interesting Stories, Articles, and Poems, that have appeared in the newspapers of the world during the preceding month.

MAGIC FOR THE FAMILY.

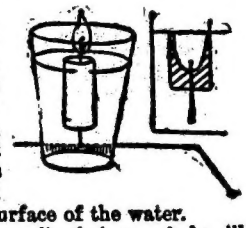
HERE are some simple tricks which can be done by anybody, and which are sure to excite great surprise in those who see them :—

Overturned with a Breath. Lay on the edge of a table a long and narrow paper bag, and place some heavy weights—two dictionaries, for example—upon the closed end, as seen in the cut. The books can be overturned without being touched, simply by blowing.

The compressed air will swell the bag so violently, that the weights upon it will be raised and thrown over. This experiment enables us to measure the strength of our breath by overturning objects of various weights, and will prove that an adult can, without fatigue, raise with his breath a weight of at least twenty pounds.

A Floating Light. A very pretty effect may be produced by causing a candle to burn while almost immersed in water in a tumbler. The experiment is very simple.

Insert a nail—not too heavy—in the lower end of a short candle, in order to make that end heavier, and place the whole in a glass containing enough water to reach the upper edge of the candle without wetting the wick.



At first thought, nothing seems stranger than to expect a candle to be entirely consumed in such a situation, but it is simple enough. As the candle burns, it grows lighter and lighter, and rises gradually as it diminishes in length, so that the lighted end always remains above the surface of the water.

Moreover, the outside of the candle, being cooled, will melt much more slowly than usual, and the flame will make a little hollow in the centre, as is shown in the design. This hollow place also helps in making the candle float, and preserves the wick from contact with the water. Thus the candle will continue to burn in its strange candlestick until the wick is entirely consumed.

Magic Fish. Make a very small hole in each end of a fresh egg, and after blowing out the contents, close one end with a bit of sealing-wax. Cut two pieces of cloth in the shape of the body of a fish, as shown in the cut, and sew them together round the edges so as to make a pointed bag. Into this bag some sand should be put for ballast.

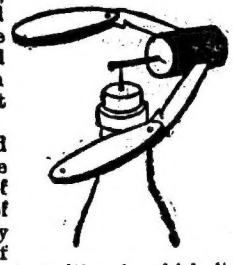
The mouth of the bag must be exactly the size of the egg, which is to be fastened into it with sealing-wax or glue, to form the head of the fish. Having prepared it in this way, paint two eyes on the egg with black paint, and the magic fish is ready to be put into a jar of water.

The weight of the sand in the bag must be such that the fish will float on the surface if left to itself, but so that a very light touch will cause it to sink.

Cover the jar tightly with a piece of indiarubber or any other waterproof flexible substance. When you lay your hand on the covering, the pressure transmitted to the liquid will cause a little water to enter the egg, and the fish will dive ; the heavier you press, the more quickly it will plunge. If you remove your hand from the indiarubber, the compressed air in the egg will force out the water, and the fish will come to the surface again.

Piercing a Pin. Place a pin in the end of a cork, in each side of which a penknife has been inserted obliquely, as shown in the cut. The knives should be as nearly as possible of equal weight. By opening one or the other of them more or less, they may be made to balance.

In order to bring them to the exact position required—that is, to bring the pin, the cork, and the knives to a horizontal position—place the head of the pin on the end of your finger and ascertain if the two knives are on the same level. If not, adjust them until they are so.



Then take the cork in your hand and lay the stem of the pin on the point of a needle, the head of which is fastened in the cork of a bottle. You must carefully change the point of support of the pin until you have found that position in which it remains perfectly horizontal when left to itself.

Now blow upon one of the penknives, at first gently, and then more strongly. You will thus cause the whole to rotate rapidly. After a time, the needle, being the harder, will have worn a tiny hole in the pin, and if you continue the experiment, will finally pierce it entirely.

You will very likely read this when you are enjoying your Easter holidays. If so, give some little waifs a holiday, too, by contributing to the Fresh Air Fund.

More Paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

than those of any other penny paper published in the world.

NEW AND STRANGE.

WHEN pianoforte keys become discoloured it is because they have been denied a sufficiency of light and air. Ivory always goes this way if it is kept in the dark for any length of time. The latest idea for preserving keys of this sort is to have a pane of glass in the wooden lid, with an array of mirrors inside to gather and reflect the light.

ON one of the Canadian lakes there is the only electrically-driven sleigh in the world. The driver sits on a motor that works a couple of steel paddle-wheels, and guides with a couple of rudders extending out and engaging the ice behind. When he comes to solid earth he pulls a lever, which lifts the runners and paddle-wheels off the ground and transfers the motive power to four ordinary wheels, which are lowered by the same motion.

ONE of the most delectable dinners can be made out of a loaf of bread by treating it with certain essences manufactured and patented by a French chemist. You can flavour a few slices with soup, others with salmon, or herring, or any other sort of fish, while you can serve up a dish of bread that would go down very well as roast beef. Vegetarians, I should think, would be able to indulge in this harmless fare without the least qualms of conscience.

WITHIN the last few weeks a number of interesting experiments have been taking place on the Hungarian railways for the purpose of finding out some reliable method of keeping the metals free from snow in winter. At present everything is going in favour of making the rails hollow and filling them with a continuous flow of hot water, but in the event of a really heavy snowfall I should think this method would prove decidedly inadequate.

IT is an evident fact that so long as oil of any description is kept within the tank of a lamp there is always a certain amount of danger. No matter how safe the appliances for extinguishing the light may be, the risk of spilled oil catching fire is always a very big one. In a lamp of which I heard the other day oil cannot be upset, for the simple reason that it is in a solid state, as it were. A quantity of porous vegetable stuff, which absorbs the liquid, is placed in the well, and keeps the wick supplied by capillary attraction.

IN the ordinary way linemen on railways have to discover defects in the permanent way by observation, which is not altogether reliable. On the Bavarian state railways an automatic "roadmaster" has been put to good use. It is attached to a train like an ordinary carriage, but when it passes over a low point, or similar defect, the resulting jolt sends a stream of coloured fluid on to the permanent way, making stripes from one to seventy feet long, and about two feet wide. These marks are seen by the permanent way men, who make good the trouble.

ANYONE who does much driving in the country will be able to appreciate the idea of a self-opening gate of which I heard the other day. About ten yards on either side of the gate is a length of wood, raised about six inches above the level of the road, which it crosses at right angles. A vehicle passing over this bank depresses it, and throws the lower hinge of the gate out of position, thus changing the centre of gravity and causing the gate to swing open. When the bank on the opposite side is depressed, after the carriage has passed through, the hinge goes back to its original position and the gate swings to.

I ALWAYS used to believe, when I was quite a small boy, that the bayonet was used to impale the enemy in order to keep him steady while the contents of the rifle were emptied into him. Absurd as it may seem, it is very nearly being carried out in the case of a new lance and bayonet, the work of a German officer, which is fitted with a tiny bomb near the point, that explodes as soon as it strikes anything hard. There is a certain amount of humanity about this idea, as, of course, death is instantaneous, although, perhaps, on the other hand, it is not to be preferred to a flesh wound, from the effects of which there is a possibility of recovering.

A MAN catcher for use at fires is being experimented with over in New York, with a view to attaching it to all the fire-stations in that city. It looks something like a high bedstead, runs on four wheels, and contains a number of long springs. When a person jumps from the roof of a burning house on to this thing, the mattress goes down three feet, and, to prevent the victim from shooting up to the roof again, air cushions are applied, as in the well-known door checks, which allow the mattress to gradually recover its normal position. When the deflecting wings are opened out, the superficial area of this handy apparatus is a hundred square feet, plenty big enough for the wildest jumper.

I HAVE received from Mr. C. Williamson Milne particulars of an institution about to be opened in the metropolis under the name of the "Baths Club." By paying a yearly subscription of eight guineas—or five, if you are a country member—you become entitled to make use of Turkish or Russian baths, as well as a big swimming pool and a gymnasium. Besides this there will be on the premises dining, reading, smoking, billiard, and bedrooms, while special arrangements are going to be made for breakfasting energetic members who wish to enjoy a dip in the early morning. The idea is not a new one, for clubs of the sort are to be found in Scotland and America, but it is a move in a new direction so far as London is concerned.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

PRINCESS BRANCACCIO, who a short time ago took up straw-plaiting as a fancy occupation, has just finished a hat for her husband. What a useful example to society women!

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is the most brilliant English conversationalist of the present day. I have Mr. Arthur Balfour's authority for saying this, and he ought to be a good judge.

THERE have been several Premiers without wives before Lord Rosebery. Pitt was a bachelor, Lord Melbourne was divorced, and Lord Beaconsfield was a widower when he came into power in 1874.

A LUBECK wine merchant has presented Prince Bismarck with some centenarian madeira in memory of the Emperor William's recent visit of reconciliation. One good thing generally leads to another.

MASTER FRANK CUNNINGHAM, of Baltimore, aged fifteen, holds a unique record. He is still at school, like all good little boys of his age, but during the holidays he spends his time going from one church to another and preaching. He has already addressed congregations from over a hundred pulpits, and his words are, moreover, full of wisdom.

MISS LAURA MAXWELL, a principal contralto in one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's companies, might call herself Lady Laura Maxwell if her father claimed his own. He is a descendant of the late Earl of Nithsdale, who was attainted in 1717, but the attaint was afterwards annulled. Mr. Maxwell, who is the rightful claimant to the title, prefers to leave it alone.

BRAVO, oh, Earl of Aberdeen! It was at a recent Patti concert given in Montreal, and at the close of the performance there was no sign of "God Save the Queen." The large audience began to disperse. Suddenly Lord Aberdeen, the popular Viceroy, sprung to his feet, and in a clear, musical voice started the British National Anthem. Instantly every male head was uncovered, and every one stayed to sing the verse to the end.

THE tallest actor on the British stage is Mr. Fritz Rimma, who stands about six feet four inches in height. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, of the Haymarket, and Mr. Charles Collette are both over six feet in height. Henry Irving and Edward Terry are each five feet ten inches in height, William Terriss five feet nine inches, George Grossmith and Herman Vezin each five feet six inches, and J. L. Toole and John Hare each five feet five inches, in stature.

THE oldest living composer of eminence is Mr. Charles Salaman, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday by a Love Song, specially composed for the occasion. The venerable musician has a most charmingly kind and intellectual face which is quite clean shaven except for the bushy white whiskers which have also to make up for a sad deficiency on the top of his head.

It was while King George IV. was reigning that Mr. Salaman made his first success in the musical world, and the earliest event of any importance he can remember was the coronation of that merry monarch. One hears little of Mr. Salaman's compositions because he has never taken the trouble to write for the popular market. He writes to please himself and to gain the appreciation of a select few.

MR. H. J. CUST, M.P., could boast little or no journalistic experience when he undertook to guide the destinies of THE PALL MALL GAZETTE in its glorified form after its recent political transformation. Whether he has succeeded or not the public can best judge for themselves. He is a man of many parts, and an indefatigable worker. Besides being an editor and a Member of Parliament, he is a country gentleman, a lawyer, and the heir presumptive to a peerage.

Mr. Cust has a great weakness for dogs and flowers, while he is an inveterate cigarette smoker. He takes a keen interest in agricultural matters, and is a good all-round cricketer. I recently asked Mr. Cust whether he would give me the pleasure of including him in the series "Workers and their Work." His reply was rather quaint. "I cannot conceive," he wrote, "anything more painful to myself and to your readers than the publication of the details of my private life." I suppose Mr. Cust knows best.

IN Russia the correspondents of our English daily papers sometimes have a hard time of it. Not very long ago the police made a discovery of some Nihilistic plot in an out-of-the-way corner of St. Petersburg, and the special correspondent of THE STANDARD came to hear of it. Off he went at once in search of the house. He found it without much difficulty, and a police-officer was in possession.

"Can I come in?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the officer.

And the correspondent entered. Having taken a good view of the surroundings he turned to go, but the officer barred the way.

"You cannot pass, sir," he said.

"But you yourself said I might come in."

"Quite so," responded the policeman grimly. "Anybody who likes can come in, but they are immediately arrested."

In vain the journalist explained that he had important engagements elsewhere. There he was and there he had to stop. Then he went to the window and looked out with a malicious gleam in his eye. Presently he saw a sight which filled him with joy. Strolling down the street was Mr. Dobson, the correspondent of THE TIMES. The imprisoned one hailed him.

"Hullo! Where are you going?" he shouted.

"Trying to find the Nihilist place."

"Oh, this is it."

"Really? Can I come up?"

"Yes, anyone can come up."

And Mr. Dobson came.

He took a critical survey of the room, made his notes, and then turning to his friend, he suggested that they should go. Failing to get an answer, and somewhat bewildered, he made for the door, and there the police officer enlightened him. The two correspondents spent the afternoon inviting other flies into the spider's web.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

NO man ever came more rapidly to the front than P. J. Grant, who played full-back for Ireland against Scotland, and was afterwards selected for the same position against Wales.

Grant had never played football until the opening months of the present season. He commenced by playing forward in the second team of the Bective Rangers, but in the second half of his first game was put back. Subsequently he operated at centre-three-quarter in the Rangers' third team, and then was called upon to fill a vacancy at back in the first against Trinity College. He quickly established his reputation, was selected and played for Leinster against the other provinces, and finally, when Sparrow failed against England, and Gifford declined the honour offered him, was chosen to play back in the International team against Scotland. He was not very severely tested in that match, but all that fell to him to do was done well.

Grant is just twenty-two years old, and stands six feet high, turning the scales at 12st. 7lb. He is a splendid kick, with plenty of judgment, and is a deadly tackler; moreover, he is always cool under the most trying conditions. He was educated at Clongowes Wood College, and is now studying for the legal profession.

IT is curious to observe how different are the records of some of the leading clubs in the two great competitions of the year—that for the Association Cup and the Football League series. Preston North End once bore off the highest honours in each, but that performance was quite unique.

Sunderland last year were easily first in the League, but broke down all too early in the Cup ties; and again this year the probable League winners, Aston Villa, have failed to make the stand expected of them in the struggle for the Cup, being defeated prior to the semi-final stage.

The two clubs left in for the final, on the other hand, are by no means prominent in the League; one of them, indeed, Notts County, lost its place in the first division last season, but will have a chance of regaining it in the test matches at the end of this. Bolton Wanderers are dangerously near the bottom of the first division, and are by no means certain of escaping the special trial to which "the last three" are to be subjected against the top three in the second division.

It is still a debateable question as to which form of competition, the League or the Cup Ties, best indicates the order of merit of the clubs engaged; but most people, I fancy, would award the palm in this respect to the League system, which demands consistently good form throughout a season from those who would figure at the head of the list.

SOME degree of commotion is being caused in professional circles—amongst club officials as well as players—by proposals which are being influentially introduced for the better regulation of the conditions of contract between clubs and players.

Hitherto the balance of power has undoubtedly been in the hands of the clubs, standing in the relation of employers without all the responsibilities of ordinary employers of labour or skill, and quite frequent instances have come to my knowledge of real hardships to which professionals have been subjected. One serious grievance has been the absence of written agreements, and contracts have been so loosely framed—purposely so upon the one side—that men have found themselves discharged in the middle of a season, with scant chance of gaining a fresh engagement, and none at all of obtaining legal redress.

It is now proposed that the Football Association shall assume more direct and effective control of the professional question, and shall dictate terms which shall be at the same time just to and binding upon club and player alike. One other important suggestion is that it shall not be permissible for one club to make payment to another for the transfer of a player, this regulation being intended to render impossible the scandalous state of things which followed the break-up or re-organisation of a prominent northern club, when certain of the players engaged by the club were offered to the highest bidders. The buying and selling of men is not exactly a commendable feature of modern football.

MR. J. C. CLEGG, who is responsible for the new regulations, or suggested regulations, has himself been a prominent player, but at a time when such a thing as professionalism was unknown, and probably undreamt of. He took part in the first International match between England and Scotland on November 30th, 1872, and for some years was very successful on the running path, holding the record at six hundred yards for a long time. He is now a member of a well-known firm of solicitors in Sheffield, but contrives to devote a great deal of time to the work of the Football Association.

Football Players should also see Accident Insurance System on page 584.

£100 INSURANCE FOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS *to whomsoever the proprietors of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

Signed .....

Available until midnight, March 31st, 1894.

Note, please, that our Insurance Systems are absolutely guaranteed by the wealthiest Accident Insurance Company of the day. See p. 587.

More Paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY than to those of any other penny paper published in the world.

THE REAL CONSTANTINOPLE.

IV.—BY NIGHT.

It is a common-place among guides and guide-books, and similar humbugs, that it is very dangerous to go about Constantinople at night except with an escort armed to the teeth. Reflecting over it now, I am inclined to say that I don't believe a word of it, and if I knew the language I should not hesitate to go anywhere alone, at any hour, except perhaps in some of the Christian quarters. As it was, I was hampered by the companionship of a chattering Greek guide, who was continually jarring upon the romance and picturesqueness of the surroundings, and astonishing me with the insolence and mendacity that are the characteristics of his countrymen.

In Galata, which is very likely dangerous, and certainly not romantic, he was less of a nuisance. Galata is the Greek and Armenian quarter, and has the reputation of containing worse specimens of the vicious and criminal classes than any other place in the world, except perhaps Port Said. It is unfortunately situated between Stambûl, the original Turkish water, and Péra, where all the hotels are, so that one is constantly obliged to pass through it. The long main street of Péra enters the long main street of Galata at right angles.

I found the vice and crime of Galata, or as much of it as I was permitted to see, disgustingly tame. There were absolutely no awful scenes; I did not see a single drunken brawl or robbery with violence, and, instead of encountering brandished knives and midnight ambuscades, I was either let alone or treated with vast politeness.

The Grand Street of Galata at night is the best-lighted part of Constantinople. Nearly every house is a place of entertainment.

Arrived at the top of one of these you find a glass door, opening into a large room, where a dance is going on. The men taking part in it are chiefly sailors, and their partners recall coster ladies by their costume and appearance. Everybody is good-humoured, the music is deafening, but it is no more an orgy than the most aristocratic public ball in any other capital. The people are dancing for the mere pleasure of dancing, and even the London County Council would find little to criticise.

It is true that the atmosphere leaves much to be desired, and it is possible that the purity of the liquor may not be above suspicion. But the same might be said of dancing saloons in other places—even of those in the East-End of London. In old days, each of these places used to have a roulette room attached, and the bank had the reputation of being extraordinarily lucky. But now all games of chance are forbidden, and the police are very sharp in putting them down.

After visiting some half dozen dancing saloons, I led the way, in spite of my guide's reluctance, to a kind of music-hall in a side street. The man had told me when he started that he was a very brave fellow indeed, and that in his company I ran no risk anywhere, but when we got to Galata, I found that he meant to restrict me to the one main street.

The music-hall turned out to be merely a kind of public-house with occasional interludes of instrumental music. The company consisted for the most part of firemen, dressed in chocolate-coloured jackets and knickerbockers covered with black embroidery, and wearing long silk waistbands, said to be worth £3 or £4 each.

The Turks are pretty strict in adhering to the teetotalism enjoined by their religion. Some of them drink a very light beer, in which the percentage of alcohol scarcely exceeds that in ginger-beer, and I have known Pashas accept a liqueur of brandy after dinner. But oftener than not you find a Turk sitting in a public-house with nothing more exhilarating than a small cup of coffee or a glass of water in front of him.

At one coffee-house in Stambûl I was rash enough to call for sherbet, and they brought me a sweet, hot liquid in a coffee-cup, tasting exacting like sugar and boiling water. I said I had never heard of sherbet being drunk hot, but they said it was a matter of taste, and that it was drunk both hot and cold by them. They have it with all kinds of flavourings, but I believe the effervescing drink known to us by the name of sherbet has not yet reached the East.

The most interesting sight in Galata was the Turkish Theatre, but as I saw a much better one in Stambûl a few nights later, I prefer to describe that. The hall was a large one, with a small part railed off at the back for the cheaper seats and a row of tiny boxes all along one side of the gallery. With the exception of two or three Russian sailors, who were in the company of a villainous-looking Armenian guide, the whole audience consisted of men in fezzes. The Turks do not take their ladies to the theatre, at least, not to their own theatre.

The principal piece of the evening was a long drama in dumb show in about six acts. It was principally concerned with the conflicts of an army and a band of brigands. The army consisted of a tall individual in something like the garb of a French officer, of a lieutenant, three boys, and a clown. The captain despatched the little lieutenant to bring him the body of the chief of the brigands alive or dead, and the lieutenant strutted out amid tremendous cheers from the audience, followed by the three boys and the clown. Then the curtain went down and there was ten minutes' interval, during which a large amount of sesame seed and pistachio nuts was sold among the audience.

The next scene gave us the band of brigands, consisting of a chief and two boys in red shirts, who seemed to be having a very comfortable time of it until the arrival of the lieutenant and his army corps, which pursued the brigands on and off the stage three or four times.

Then the brigand band and the soldiery withdrew while the chief and the lieutenant engaged in single combat with swords. The chief ran the lieutenant through the leg and made great fun of him as he limped off. The by-play of the clown, meanwhile, was delicious.

The next act represented the captain receiving the news of his lieutenant's defeat. He clenched his fists and seemed terribly put out. Then, I went out for an hour, being led to believe that on my return I should find a Turkish comedy going on. To my dismay, however, I found there were still two acts of the brigand pantomime to be got through.

The lieutenant had run away with the captain's daughter and was in hiding under protection of the brigands. Then there was an involved story about a peasant informing the captain of his daughter's whereabouts, and being shot through the head by the lieutenant for his treachery.

Finally, the captain tracked out his daughter, took the chief of the brigands captive, and decorated the lieutenant with the medal off his own breast, the lieutenant having, meanwhile, shot three innocent people through the head. Then the lieutenant and his bride knelt before the captain, and received his blessing in the orthodox style.

The Turks are very easily amused, and the applause which greeted the termination of this play must have been very encouraging to the manager. Then came an even longer interval than usual. The Turkish theatre opens soon after eight, and does not close till four or five in the morning, so that it is necessary to spin out the performance by pretty long intervals between the acts.

This custom of all-night performances is probably due to the fact that they are primarily intended to occupy the nights of Ramazan, the Mohammedan Lent, when everybody strictly abstains from food and drink between sunrise and sunset, and turns the night into a long-continued orgy. All through the Ramazan, there is a dramatic performance every night in the Turkish theatres, but at other portions of the year they are few and far between.

The Turkish comedy seemed to be very amusing, judging from the outbursts of laughter among the audience. As far as I could make out it was the story of a retired tradesman, who had a very impudent servant and a very unsatisfactory wife and son and daughter. He had also an unsatisfactory donkey, which gave occasion to the master and servant telling each other frequently, in all sorts of roundabout ways, that they were donkeys.

Then the servant took to coming very close to his master to say rude things to him, and every time he did so the master sneezed in his face. This provoked the servant to further insults, and the master retaliated by taking off his servant's fez and flinging it on to the ground. This is the greatest indignity that can be put upon a Turk. Then the rest of the family came in, and there was more talk about the donkey, and everybody thought it very funny, and no doubt I should have done so too if I had understood Turkish better. The scenery and dresses were of the simplest description, such as would scarcely have passed muster in a provincial music-hall.

The streets of Stambûl at night are generally well-nigh deserted. There is a law that everybody going about after dusk in Stambûl must carry a lantern. Some people carry long Chinese lanterns of pretty colours, and the effect is decidedly attractive. I am told that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was arrested and taken to the lock-up some years ago for roaming about Stambûl at night without a lantern. There are gas lamps as well in the street, but at comparatively rare intervals.

It is a curious fact, considering how few Turks are about at night, that the Turkish baths should, for the most part, be open all night. I was once prevailed upon by my guide, after a long evening's sight-seeing, to turn into a bath at Galata, at one in the morning, before going home. He assured me that it was spotlessly clean, and that the highest quality went there.

When I had undressed and been wrapped up in bath sheets, I was made to put on a pair of Turkish bath slippers, which consist of pieces of wood the size of your feet, each standing on two upright wooden supports about three inches in length, like high heels at each end of the shoe. The shoe is attached to the foot by means of a narrow loop of cloth. The effect was that of walking on stilts, and I had to be supported to the bathroom by two attendants.

As soon as I got inside the bath-room door I was met by an almost overpowering smell, and I felt inclined to return the way I had come, but the attendants gave me to understand that there was a further room inside, and I thought I might at least see what the place was like. Stretched about on the floor of this room, like dead or drunken men, were a number of naked individuals, two of whom were negroes.

A heavy curtain was pushed aside, and I made my way into the bath-room proper. Here the atmosphere was comparatively a little better. The room was a large and lofty one, with a high dome. In the centre was a kind of stone ledge, from which water flowed, and two or three men were washing themselves there. At the four quarters of the circle were open doorways, leading to small inner rooms or recesses used for the shampooing process. These recesses were in absolute darkness, but the bigger room was lighted by three or four flickering candles placed in niches in the wall.

I sat down on the stone ledge under the dome and surveyed the surroundings. I had hardly kicked away my uncomfortable slippers when I felt something tickling my foot.

I looked down, and found a huge cockroach about two inches long deliberately sauntering across me. If there is one creature I dislike above others it is a cockroach, so, without waiting to mount my stilts again, I scampered out of the bath as fast as I could, disregarding the expostulations of the attendants, who were motioning to me to enter one of the pitch-dark recesses.

When I came upstairs, in a towering rage, I found my guide helping himself to a cigarette out of my case, and I abused him for having brought me there with a vehemence that seemed to surprise him. He put on a look of concern, and asked in his sleek way what I had had to complain of.

I told him the bath was a filthy hole, unfit for a civilised person, but, after some conversation with the attendant, he informed me that the mistake had arisen through his not being there to accompany me, and that the attendant was now prepared to lead me to a private room where everything was spotlessly clean and comfortable and delightful.

I did not believe this for a moment, but I was determined to see everything, so I mounted my stilts once more, and followed the attendant, a brawny giant about six foot four in height, through the revolting first room, into the central bath-room, and on into one of the pitch-dark recesses. This was the comfortable and luxurious private room he intended for me. He held up the candle he had in his hand, and turned to me with a smile, as if expecting me to express my approval. I saw a nigger sitting by the fountain in the wall washing himself, and I saw about twenty creeping creatures scuttle up the damp wall, disturbed by the light.

I at once turned to retrace my steps, but the burly attendant held the bath-sheet to restrain me. I abused him vehemently in English, and, after some show of resistance, he decided to let me go, much to my relief. Then I dressed as rapidly as I could, paid a number of silver pieces for my bath, and regained my cab.

I must say the guide bore my volleys of abuse with wonderful meekness. I told him he was a thief and a liar and a scoundrel, that he knew less about Constantinople than I did, and that he was not only unfit to act as a guide, but utterly destitute of common-sense. The only observation he ventured to make was, that cockroaches were to be found in every Turkish bath, being called into existence by the damp. I told him I knew that to be a lie, because I had been in the bath at Pera, where there are no cockroaches, and where everything is as clean as in Jermyn Street.

The rest of our drive home was passed in perfect silence, until a carriage passed us in the neighbourhood of the British Embassy. Then, thinking to propitiate me with a piece of information, the guide said:

"That is the British Ambassador passing in that carriage."

"That is another lie," I said; "he is in London."

No more was said until we reached the hotel.

(The last article of this series next week.)

272 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only.

£1,000 COUPON TICKET. specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET *Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 & 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, March 23rd, 1894, until Midnight, Saturday, March 31st, 1894. (See column 3, page 587.)

When our Special Envoy returns from his attempt to break the Record Round the World, he will write a series of articles to appear on this page.

HOW AN EMBALMER WORKS.

CURIOUS as to the process of embalmment, *P. W.* paid a visit the other morning to Dr. Bayle, the embalmer, and asked him to divulge some of the secrets of his profession.

"It is by no means a difficult process," remarked the doctor, "and I don't require to see the face or even the body of the corpse; what is more, I don't cut it about, as many imagine. Prior to operating I have at hand a boiling fluid, a colourless mixture consisting of one ounce of bromide of gold, two pints of alcohol, two pints of glycerine, and four ounces of hyptone. This I place in a compressed air-pump, attached to which is an india-rubber tube or canula.

"All this ready, I begin by opening either the artery over the knee, the artery behind the ear, or that under the big toe—it is immaterial which. Firstly, the skin is opened, after which I dissect the flesh and raise the artery, keeping it in position by placing an instrument under it. I now cut the artery slightly, place the canula into the breach, and allow the fluid to flow gently into it.

"In a quarter of an hour one can see the liquid in the small veins in the front of the head and arms. I should tell you, by the way, that the fluid is kept at the boiling point during the process of injection, because I maintain that when hot it kills all bacteria that there may be in the body.

"When the liquid has once been injected the body may be said to be embalmed, and will keep for years in the highest state of preservation. Indeed, I have known many people keep embalmed bodies in their own rooms for months.

"Some persons are desirous that the faces of their deceased friends should assume in death a life-like expression. When this is the case I mix rabbit's blood with the fluid, and this gives colour to the cheeks. The Spaniards, however, want one to go even further than this, and on many occasions I have been asked to shave the corpse if it is that of a man, and paint the eyebrows and rouge the cheeks in the case of a woman.

"An embalmed person is usually dressed in his best clothes, and in most instances white gloves are placed on the hands. My fee is forty guineas.

"One thing greatly in favour of embalmment is that it prevents burial alive. You may hardly credit it, but I have been asked to embalm no fewer than ten people whom, upon examination, I have found to be alive. It is not an uncommon thing for a man or woman suffering from cholera to remain for seven days as if dead. When called, therefore, to embalm anyone I follow a strict rule. If the arm is rigid I rub it vigorously and endeavour to bend it to the breast; if I succeed I watch, and if the arm returns to its former position it is a sure sign that the person is alive.

"Compared with the practice of former times you can judge what strides the art of the embalmer has made. Why, the body of Napoleon was brought from St. Helena in a barrel of spirits of wine. Louis XVIII., again, was embalmed. His head was trepanned, and they stuffed his brain with incense, peppermint, and myrrh, and all sorts of things. Then they fitted a leaden bonnet over the brain. His body was filled with, amongst other things, cotton-wool soaked in bichloride of mercury and arsenic. The body was sewn up again, and wax rubbed in to prevent the join being seen. After all this the corpse was steeped in spirits of wine for a space of three days."

272 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID
(Including one of a Thousand Pounds).

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS
ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW.
Specially guaranteed by the
OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 *will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident to the train, steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irremediable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.*

£10 *will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.*

£5 *will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg or a broken collar-bone while engaged in playing Football, or while Cycling.*

Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred. The paper may be left at his or her place of abode so long as the coupon is signed.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1892, Rule No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon of this paper for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, *Henrietta Street, London, W.C., within seven days of the accident.*

*Signature*_____
(See column 3, page 587.)

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, March 22nd, 1894, till midnight, Saturday, March 31st, 1894.

THE CHAMPION LOAFERS.

IT is a very nice point whether dogs are fitted to share the labours of the horse, and whether they should be compelled to earn their own living.

From prehistoric times these hereditary loafers have been given over to pleasure. Such amateur service as has been rendered by chivying sheep, guarding the household, and rushing with sledges through the frozen regions of the North is too much in accordance with their nature to produce that feeling of repugnance which constitutes the essential difference between work and play.

There can be no doubt that there is much for them to do provided that they are constitutionally fitted to undertake it. In this world we find a multitude of minor tasks for which the horse possesses superfluous energy, and for which his maintenance is therefore needlessly expensive, and to fulfil these the dog seems specially ordained by Nature.

It has been very truly said that there is not an article of merchandise, from a ton of coals to a loaf of bread, sold in any of our cities which might not be more advantageously delivered by dogs than by horses.

To the nervous and the sickly the substitution of the gentle tread of dogs for the clatter of the horses' feet in the early morning hours would be a source of relief and joy. And think of the advantage to the municipal authorities in the way of wear and tear and litter!

The only question is whether it is cruel to harness the dog and make him earn his own living by sharing the burden which must be borne by men and women and their dumb friends.

In many Belgian cities, for every horse at least two dogs may be seen working in the streets, and they look well and healthy, too, cheerfully and patiently performing their tasks without any signs of undue fatigue. And yet in this country the use of dogs for traction is by law forbidden.

At the time the Act was passed for the prevention of cruelty to animals it was argued that the dog was never intended as a beast of draught. The shoulders were too narrow, the heart wrongly placed, and liable to break.

Theoretically this may be so, but in Belgium, where the dogs are no longer favoured, they do not seem to suffer.

It would be interesting to know, then, why our canine friends have been allowed to remain idle for so long in England. Of course, it may be said that the dog would be the poor man's special beast of burden, and therefore liable to the cruelest treatment; but to-day the coster overloads his donkey, and the small tradesman works horses in his carts that have earned admission to the knacker's yard.

Perhaps, after all, the dog owes its escape more to its good looks and nice manners than anything else. There is hardly a man in the world who is not fond of his dog, while thousands care nothing for their horses. From time immemorial the dog has been the favoured friend of man, the spoilt companion, eating from his master's table, and ofttimes sleeping on his master's bed. When it was said that traction was not fitted for a dog, the sympathies of the whole nation were aroused as they were over the abolition of slavery—perhaps even more so. The dog should be free.

The horse is as unemotional as the mule or donkey, but with the dog every sign of distress is patent to the casual passer by. It is overloaded, and the sweating coat, the bulging eyes, the lolling tongue all cry out against the tyranny. It is cruelly treated, and the piteous whine draws attention to its sufferings, nay, perchance exaggerates them.

But the horse and the donkey bear all in silence. They cannot, or at least they will not, protest, so while the heart of the nation went out to the labouring dog and declared that it should not work, the plaint of its fellow toilers in the trace was partially unheard.

If the condition of the dogs which are used on the Continent be any criterion then we can only bewail the loss of power which is running to waste at the heels of the people or chained uselessly up in our back yards. Here we have energy which is free, always at hand, aching to be used, and totally ignored. The canine population of the United Kingdom numbers many millions, but at least there are 2,000,000 fit for work of some sort.

MENDICANT: "Sir, I am slowly starving."

Crusty Party: "Very sorry, but I know of no way to hasten the process."

"PAT! Pat! You should never hit a man when he is down."

"Begorra, what did I worruk so hard to get him down for?"

MRS. MUSICMAD: "Doctor, why is it that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair?"

Dr. Savage (reflectively): "I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing."

TEACHER (impressing one of her protégés): "Be brave and earnest and you will succeed. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

Willy Raggs: "Yes, mum. He couldn't tell a lie."

GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

1,500 GUINEA ENGRAVINGS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

No. 40.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE FOLLOWING PARLIAMENTARY DIVISIONS OF LONDON:—THE N. S. E. AND W. DIVISIONS OF ST. PANCRAS, AND THE HOXTON AND HAGGERSTON DIVISIONS OF SHOREDITCH.

As announced in previous issues we have devised a form of competition which, instead of being open to readers all over the kingdom, and thus, by the multitude of entries, affording individual competitors but a small chance of success, will be open to dwellers in particular towns only.

The prizes take the form of charming engravings, 20 by 30, handsomely framed in solid oak, of a kind that are sold in print-shops for a guinea apiece.

This week the competition is open to dwellers in the following Parliamentary divisions of London:—The N. S. E. and W. divisions of St. Pancras, and the Hoxton and Haggerston divisions of Shoreditch.

The pictures may be seen at the office of this paper, or in the St. Pancras division at Mr. W. Butler's, 134, Kentish Town Road, and in the Shoreditch divisions at Mr. H. Perschky's, 33, Kingsland Road.

Competitors must be resident in one of the above districts, taking the usual parliamentary boundaries.

Twenty-three pictures will go to St. Pancras and twelve to Shoreditch.

The competition will this week be on the following lines:—

Each competitor must copy out, on a sheet of paper, the following words:—

"I have great pleasure in recommending.....
as a fit and proper person to receive one of the engravings offered as prizes in *Pearson's Weekly*."

In the blank space the competitor must fill in his own name, and he must also attach his full postal address to the document.

The engravings will be presented to those competitors who succeed in obtaining the greatest number of signatures to the above recommendation, with the full address of each person who signs. A person may sign as many recommendations as he likes, and one competitor may, if he wish, attach his signature to another competitor's list.

Letters only. Please post early. To arrive at latest by first post Wednesday, March 28th.

Each attempt must be accompanied with the coupon at the top right-hand corner of front page of the wrapper of this issue, no person must send more than one attempt.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZES WILL BE FOR PERSONS LIVING IN THE FOLLOWING PARLIAMENTARY DIVISIONS OF LONDON:—THE TOWER HAMLETS AND WANDSWORTH.

Competitions will be shortly held for which dwellers in small towns and villages alone are eligible.

RESULT OF GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

No. 38.

A handsomely-framed Guinea Etching has been forwarded to the following persons:—

IN NEWINGTON:

William Cane, 8, Queen's Row, Walworth; G. A. Costello, 156, New Kent Road, S.E.; W. Williams, 27, Shaftesbury Street, South Street, Walworth; Mr. Entwistle, 120, Newington Butts, S.E.; J. T. Walwork, 103, Portland Street, Walworth; William Fleetwood, 39, Albert Street, Penton Place, Walworth; W. S. Landray, 27, Chapter Road, Lorrimore Square, S.E.; Reuben Ward, 22, Kingston Street, South Street, Walworth; J. Wright, 22, Cancel Street, Walworth Road, S.E.; Mr. G. Russel, 7, Bedford Street, Walworth, S.E.; A. E. Tansley, 96, New Kent Road, S.E.

IN PADDINGTON:—

Joseph Smalley, 7, Denholme Road, Harrow Road, W.; Henry M. Eshelby, 133, Shirland Road, West Kilburn; E. Sturreon, 84, Chippenham Road, Harrow Road, Paddington; H. C. Golding, 36, Woodchester Street, Paddington; William E. Bowden, 11, Fordingly Road, North Paddington; W. B. Cooke, 2, Woodfield Crescent, Harrow Road; Henry Pope, 110, Chippenham Road, Harrow Road; A. E. Evans, The Audit, Great Western Railway, Paddington; James Carter, 7, Farrant Street, W.; J. H. Holloway, 228, Portnall Road, St. Peter's Park, W.; T. R. Thirtle, 18, Shirland Mews, North Paddington.

IN ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE:—

Edith White, Oriental Club, Hanover Square, W.; E. G. Beesley, 4, Little Ebury Street, Pimlico; Miss Lottie Nicholls, 21, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.; W. J. Thew, 105, Cambridge Terrace, Pimlico; P. Flanagan, 24, Hanover Buildings, Grosvenor Square, W.; Miss Jessie H. Baker, 102, Alderney Street, Pimlico, S.W.; C. J. Adkins, 40, Claverton Street, Pimlico, S.W.

"Cleanliness may be next to godliness," said the parson, "but I don't approve of a soap advertisement on the side of the church."

EDITOR: "Oh, come now, this won't do. That joke is as old as the hills."

Paragrapher: "Well, head it '*Bon Mot* by Bismarck,' or some statesman, and it'll go all right."

NOTHING makes a woman so annoyed as to go to a shoe shop to buy a cheap pair of slippers for her husband and to have the shopman try to sell her the identical pair she has just worked as a present for her minister.

A SCOTCH preacher once said: "But, my brethren, I will not dwell longer on this subject," only to hear a shrill voice from the gallery, from a woman who did not approve of written sermons: "Ye canna, for your paper's rin out."

HIGHWAYMAN (to Mr. Levy, second-hand dealer in miscellaneous property): "Your money or your life."

Mr. Levy: "Mine friendt, you gannot exbect me to gif you my money for nodings, and mine life cou'dn't do you no goot. But I tells you vot I vill do. I vill buy dot bistol off you at a fair brice."

A SCHOOLMASTER was one day instructing his class in a scientific subject, when, wishing to simplify the explanation of a certain point by an everyday illustration, he asked:

"Have any of you boys ever stirred up a wasps' nest?"

"Yes, sir, I have," promptly answered one of the smaller boys.

"Well," said the master, encouragingly, thinking to draw out the boy's intelligence, "what was the result?"

"Please, sir, I didn't wait to see," answered the bo

Here is one of the many letters which show that the above prizes are well worth trying for. Mrs. Margaret Stabler, of 105, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, London, W., writes:—"I wish to thank you heartily for the beautiful engraving you have awarded me. I am delighted with it. All my friends who have seen it are surprised to think the pictures are so good; indeed, they all say the same thing—they wish they had tried for one themselves."

More Paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of

than to those of any other penny paper published in the world.

THE SYREN OF THE SKIES.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution."

SUMMARY.

THE Prologue, under the title of "The Prophecy of Nataa," forms a connecting link between THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION and THE SYREN OF THE SKIES. It consists of a document left behind him by Nataa, the Master of the Terror, in which he recounts the events and the issues of the world-war of 1904, and enjoins the Aerians, the descendants of the leaders of the Revolution, who have colonised Aeria—a mountain-walled valley in Central Africa, inaccessible by any other means than flight through the air—to rule the world as he and his companions have done for a hundred years from the date of his death, and then to leave the nations of the earth to their own devices. He also foretells the possibility of a catastrophe which, in the fifth generation from his own time, may overwhelm the world and involve the whole human race in destruction.

Book I., under the title of "The Daughter of the Czar," describes the surrender of the world-throne by the Supreme Council of Aeria, and the daring and successful design by means of which Olga Romanoff, the descendant of Alexander Romanoff, the last of the Czars in the fifth generation, possesses herself of the *Ithuriel*, the flagship of the Aerian navy. Her grandfather, Paul Romanoff, who dies shortly after the opening of the story, leaves behind him a private will, containing minute instructions for the manufacture of weapons and explosives and the building of air-ships and submarine vessels according to the designs of Olga's father, who has been killed by order of the Council of Aeria for building an air-ship in defiance of their prohibition. Attached to the will is a receipt for preparing two poisons, one of which paralyses the will while the other is fatal to life. After Paul Romanoff's death Olga goes to Russia with Serge Nicholaivitch, her cousin and intended husband. On the journey they make the acquaintance of two Aerians, Alan Arnold, the son of the President, and his friend Alexis Masarov, who invite them to take a trip to the clouds in the *Ithuriel*, which will be in attendance on them at St. Petersburg. During the trip Olga, who has meanwhile prepared the two poisons and a powerful narcotic, manages to drug a jug of wine which the Aerians drink at lunch. She and Serge then find out how to steer and govern the speed of the air-ship, which is so skilfully constructed as to be almost automatic. They take her to Norway, and on the spot where Olga's father and his companions were killed they throw eight of her crew into a snowdrift to die, but Olga keeps Alan and Alexis alive for her own purposes, one of which is the gratification of the passion she has conceived for Alan. Before they recover consciousness she injects a dose of the will-poison into their veins, and when they awake she causes Alan to kill Serge. The two Aerians, believing her innocent, not knowing who she is, and with their wills paralysed by the poison, obey her blindly and take the *Ithuriel* to Vorobiévo, where she reveals her identity to them, and hands over the air-ship to a party of revolutionists who are plotting for the restoration of the Russian monarchy in her person.

Book II. opens five years later. During this period the commerce of the world has been paralysed by a mysterious power, which holds possession of the ocean. Transports disappear, submarine cruisers plunge under the water to seek the enemy and never re-appear. The whole world is in trouble and perplexity. Anglo-Saxondom is lapsing into Anarchic democracy, and the Moslem empire has been arming itself for war. On the 1st of May, 2036, a message falls from the sky into the city of Aeria. It is from Olga Romanoff, and tells the President that Alan and Alexis are to be found on a certain island in the South Pacific. On reading this the President instantly gives a signal, the effect of which is to light up all the mountains of Aeria and start a fleet of fifty air-ships in chase of Olga's. The *Revenge*, as the old *Ithuriel* is now re-named, is discovered by the search-lights, but in the chase she destroys eight of the fleet without being injured herself. All the Aerian fleet save the two swiftest vessels are sent back. These keep up the chase and are led by the *Revenge* across the South Pole to the region of Mount Erebus, where they find themselves surrounded by a fleet of thirty hostile air-ships.

Every gun on the Aerian vessels is instantly trained on the surrounding fleet and discharged before the Russians can fire a shot. The *Ariel* and the *Ithuriel* then drop beneath the clouds and vanish to the northward, leaving the wreckage of twenty Russian ships strewn over the snow. A few hours after they get back to Aeria the air-ships sent to fetch Alan and Alexis return, bringing a letter from Alan to his father, telling how they have regained their freedom and captured the *Narwhal*, the swiftest and most powerful vessel in Olga's submarine squadron. It also tells of their determination not to go back to Aeria till they have won the right to ask indulgence by crippling the Russian sea-power. When this letter is read to the Council it decides that Alan and Alexis, though exiled from Aeria, shall be invested with the first and second commands of the Aerian sea navy. Later on the same night Alma Tremayne and Izma Arnold, Alan's sister, discuss together the strange and terrible circumstances under which the lovers have come back to life, Alma declaring that Olga has placed an eternal bar between her and Alan, while Izma seeks to assure her that they will yet join hands again.

Early on the fourth day after this the *Narwhal* is sighted lying, according to arrangements, off Christmas Harbour in Kerguelen Land, the principal marine outpost of Aeria in the Southern Ocean. Here Alan learns of the reception of his letter, and of the command given to himself and Alexis. Here, too, he learns of the flight of the *Revenge*, and the destruction of the Russian air-ships. He assumes the command of the sea-forces of the station, and prepares to repel an attack which he knows that Olga is about to make on Kerguelen.

BOOK II.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "NARWHAL" AT WORK.

ALAN wrote the letter forthwith, and the *Cachalot* departed, returning, as her captain had said, in less than half-an-hour, with Edward Forrest, the commander of the *Ariel*. He was a lean, wiry, active man of about forty-five, of mixed English, Scotch, and Aerian descent, with short, crisp, curly black hair and smooth-shaven face, rather sharp, regular features, and a pair of keen grey eyes which seemed to look into the very brain of the person he was talking to—a man of prompt decisions and few words, and one of the most able aerial navigators that Aeria could boast of.

He held the rank of admiral, and was responsible for the station of Kerguelen, and the command of the southern seas. He greeted Alan and Alexis courteously, but a trifle stiffly, as though he thought that their indiscretion had been somewhat lightly dealt with by the Council. This, however, was no business of his, for the first law of Aeria was that the decisions of the President and Council were not open to criticism by any private or official citizen whatever his rank or experience.

Therefore, after reading, as a matter of form, the commission sent to Alan and Alexis, he addressed himself at once to the business of the moment, and before they had been discussing the plan of defence for many minutes he was forced to admit to himself that the President's son, young as he was, was more than his master both in aerial and naval tactics.

For the greater part of the morning plan after plan was suggested, thrashed out, and either accepted or thrown aside, and when he took his leave he shook hands with both Alan and Alexis far more cordially than he had done in greeting, and said with brief blunt candour:

"This is not the first time that a woman has used a man to upset the peace of the world, and I tell you honestly that I once thought you had both turned traitors. I don't think so now, and I am heartily glad you are back. If you could only have returned three years ago a lot of trouble might have been saved, but I must confess that you have both learnt more in five years than I have in twenty. I will follow your instructions to the letter."

"What is done, is done," said Alan, smiling, and yet with a grave dignity that showed Admiral Forrest that, despite all that had happened, he was standing in the presence of his master. "The work in hand now is to regain what we have lost, and if every man does his duty we shall do so. I think everything is arranged now, and as we have no time to lose I will say good morning."

He held out his hand as he spoke and Admiral Forrest took his dismissal and his leave at the same time.

Captain Ernstein took six men out of the *Cachalot* and placed them at the disposal of Alan and Alexis, for the working of the *Narwhal*, and then took his leave to execute his part of the plan of defence.

It was a bitterly cold day, for the Southern winter had already set in in all its severity. The sea to the north of the island was comparatively smooth, but swept every now and then with violent gusts of wind from the southward. The sky was entirely covered by thick masses of cold grey cloud, every now and then torn up into great rolling masses by the sudden blasts of icy wind from the Pole, which drove fierce storms of hard frozen snow across the bare and desolate island.

But the roughness of the elements was a matter of small concern to the crews of the air-ships and the submarine cruisers, for both were independent alike of sea and storm. The former could literally ride upon the wings of the fiercest gale that ever blew. Their interiors were warm and wind-proof, and their machinery was powerful enough to drive them four and five times as fast as the air-currents in which they floated, while the latter had only to sink a few feet below the level of the waves to find perfect calm.

The days, in short, were past when men had been at the mercy of the elements, and so the atmospheric conditions which would have made a modern naval attack upon a rocky and exposed coast almost impossible, were not even taken into account in preparing to meet the threatened assault on Kerguelen Island.

No one knew when or how the first assault would be delivered. All that was known was that, unless Olga and her advisers had completely altered their plans, the attack would take place either that day or the next, and consequently ceaseless vigilance was necessary on sea and land and in the air.

In accordance with the plan arranged on board the *Narwhal*, ten air-ships rose above the clouds to an altitude of ten thousand feet, and from each of these an electric thread hung down to as many signal-stations on the island, all of which were connected with the headquarters at the top of Christmas Harbour.

Twenty cruisers patrolled the coast at a distance of a mile from the land, and two miles outside these the *Narwhal* ran to and fro along the northern shore. All the more important inlets which had sufficient depth of water for submarine attack were guarded with mines and chains of torpedoes, so disposed that no vessel could possibly enter without firing them, and so giving warning of the locality of the attack.

The afternoon passed without any alarm, and at nightfall the clouds sent down a blinding storm of snow, which, added to the intense darkness, made vision impossible both on land and sea, although high above the clouds the ten air-ships floated in a calm, clear atmosphere, under the brilliant constellations of the Southern hemisphere.

No attack seemed possible without warning, either by sea or above the clouds, for the hostile air-ships could not approach without being seen from a great distance through the clear, star-lit sky, and without their lights, which would instantly betray their presence, it was impossible for the submarine vessels even to find the coast.

Hour after hour passed, and still no hostile sign rewarded the vigilance of the defenders. No one of the present day could have guessed that all the preparations had been made for such a battle as had never been fought before on sea or land, or in the air.

Nothing was visible but the snow-covered earth and the storm-swept sea, for the sentinel ships, floating far above the clouds, were beyond the reach of vision. And yet, if the combined fleets of the modern world had attacked Kerguelen that night, not a ship would have escaped to tell the tale of annihilation, so terrible were the engines of destruction which waited but the signal of battle to strike their swift and irresistible blows.

It was about half-past six o'clock the next morning when Alexis, who was on watch in the conning-tower of the *Narwhal*, saw a faint beam of light illuminating the water a long way ahead. He instantly signalled to Alan: "Enemy in sight. Back. I am going to ram."

Alan, unwilling to leave the new crew, who were not yet perfectly acquainted with the working of the machinery, had taken command of the engine-room alternately with Alexis, who was now taking his four hours' watch in the conning-tower, and whom the fortune of war had given the honour of striking the first blow. The *Narwhal* backed rapidly, and as she did so Alexis turned a small wheel in the side of the conning-tower, and the whole chamber sank into the hull of the vessel.

As soon as it stopped he pulled a lever, and a heavy steel sheet slid over the opening where the glass dome had been. In front of him as he stood at the steering-wheel was a long, very slender needle hung with extreme delicacy on a pivot, up which an electric current constantly passed.

This needle was terrestrially insulated by a magnet which always swung opposite to the magnetic pole, and when acted upon only by the steel of the vessel's fabric, swung indifferently as long as there was no other vessel within a thousand yards of the *Narwhal*. But the moment one came within that distance the needle pointed towards it with unerring accuracy, as it was doing at the present moment.

Alexis allowed the vessel to back until he saw the needle begin to waver. Then he knew that the thousand-yard limit had been reached and signalled:

"Full speed ahead."

The next moment the engines were reversed and the *Narwhal* bore down on her invisible prey. The needle became rigid again. Alexis kept it pointing dead ahead as the *Narwhal* gathered way and rushed silently but with irresistible force upon her victim.

She passed over the thousand yards in forty seconds. Then came a dull, rending crash, a slight shiver of the mighty fabric, and then she swept on her way as though she had passed through a couple of inches of planking instead of the steel hull of a submarine warship more than two-thirds her own size.*

And so in silence and darkness, without the discharge of a gun or the flash of a shot or an audible cry of human pain, the work of death and destruction began and ended. In the passing of an instant a war-ship had been destroyed which could have annihilated a fleet of modern battle-ships in detail without once appearing above the surface of the water.

The moment that the shock told Alexis that the ram of the *Narwhal* had done its work he signalled "Stop," and as the vessel slowed down he watched the momentous fluctuations of the needle in front of him. It oscillated for an instant and then became still again, pointing to another victim hidden away somewhere under the dark waters. He brought the vessel round until it pointed ahead again, and then once more the leviathan plunged forward at full speed on her errand of destruction.

Thirty seconds later a rasping tearing sound told him that he had ripped the side out of a second Russian vessel; and again he stopped, and again the fatal tell-tale needle pointed to a mark on which he hurled his irresistible ram. So the work went on, and vessel after vessel was torn to pieces and sunk in the midst of the darkness and silence of the wintry sea, without even a warning having been given either to the consorts of the destroyed vessels or to those nearer in shore, all of which were, of course, outside the range of the needle's indication. But for this fact Alexis would have been unable to do his work, for he would not have known whether he was ramming friend or foe.

When the ram had found its mark for the twelfth time, the needle oscillated vaguely to and fro, showing that for a thousand yards radius at least there were no more victims to be found. Then the *Narwhal* rose to the surface of the water, and Alexis resumed his watch as the vessel patrolled the coast again at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

Alan now came and relieved Alexis from his watch. As he entered the conning-tower he said:

"How many is that you've settled? A dozen, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Alexis, "but I can hardly think they can have been anything but scouts, and so we shall have the main fleet to tackle yet."

"Do you think any of them have got through?" said Alan. "You know they may have approached from east and west as well, and if so they are lying inside of us."

"No," replied Alexis, "I don't think they would do that. You see we have the advantage of them in this way. They can't see ten yards in front of them unless there is bright sunshine on the water, or unless they turn their lights on to the full, in which case they would betray their presence at once."

"Then they don't know what has become of the *Narwhal*, and probably think that she has been attacked by an overwhelming force, or blown up by some lucky torpedo. They daren't go inshore in force for fear of springing a mine, and so you may depend upon it the twelve we have destroyed were scouts, prowling about very slowly and waiting for daylight to examine the coast and find a way into Christmas Harbour."

"They must have been in single line, and we had the luck to catch one of the end ones first, and so we sank the lot in the order in which they were floating. I don't think we can do anything more till daylight except run up and down the coast and keep a sharp look-out to sea-ward and on the needle."

"I suppose you're right," said Alan. "You'd better go and get an hour's sleep if you can."

"There won't be much sleep for any of us till to-night," said Alexis, quickly, pointing to the clouds over the island. "Look! the row has begun in the air already."

Alan glanced up and saw a series of intensely bright flashes stream downwards through the clouds, which at the same moment were rent and rolled up into vast shadowy billows by some tremendous concussion of the atmosphere above them. There could be only one explanation of this. The attack on the island had begun from the air, and the flashes were those of the first shots of the aerial bombardment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF KERGUELEN.

WHAT had really happened was this.

A fleet of fifty submarine war-ships, under the command of Michael Lossenski, the eldest son of Orloff Lossenski, who was now Olga Romanoff's chief adviser in the conduct of the war that she had commenced with the Aerians, had reached the northern coast of Kerguelen Island about four o'clock in the morning in order to co-operate with an aerial squadron of fifteen vessels led by the *Revenge*, under the command, nominally, of Lossenski's second son Boris, but really of Olga herself.

As Alexis had surmised, the twelve vessels destroyed by the *Narwhal* were scouts sent out to, if possible, feel their way to the entrance of Christmas Harbour, which was known to be the head-quarters of the station.

These were to have returned to the fleet with all the intelligence they could get as to bearings and soundings, and the position of mines and the defending fleet. Then at daybreak, that is to say about eight o'clock, the whole squadron was to have advanced to the entrance to the harbour, ramming any of the defenders who barred their way, and then, after sending

* This is not apparently borne out by the experience of such unhappy events as the collision of the *Camperdown* with the *Victoria*, and it ought also to be added that, in the opinion of many naval authorities, the ramming ship will suffer almost, if not quite, as much damage as the rammed. For my own part I venture to differ entirely with this conclusion. I believe it all to be a matter of speed. The momentum with which a moving object strikes another is its mass multiplied into its velocity, and the greater the momentum the less the damage to the moving object. An obstacle on a railway which would throw off the line a train moving at a low speed is smashed to atoms by an engine moving at sixty miles an hour with little or no damage to the engine. Again, a short time ago a mail steamer, built of thin steel plates, and moving at twenty-two knots an hour, cut her way clean through a heavily laden ship and only twisted her stem a little. The other ship sank instantly. So, too, in the Brazilian revolt, an insurgent cruiser rammed a Government steamer at full speed and cut her in two without injury to herself. Given the shape and speed of the *Narwhal*, I take it that the impact of the ram would so completely break up the vessel struck that she would pass without any injury through the fragments.

AUTHOR.

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a swarm of torpedoes into the mouth of the bay to explode the mines and blow up any submarine defences that might exist, to have made a rush for the inner bay at the same time that the air-ships engaged the land defences.

The naval portion of the programme was completely frustrated by the destruction of the scouts, while the aerial attack was foiled by the look-outs stationed above the clouds. Soon after seven it became light enough at their altitude for the powerful glasses of their commanders to make out the fifteen Russian air-ships coming up from the southward at a distance of about twenty miles.

A few minutes later they were themselves discovered by the Russians, and Olga, to her intense chagrin, saw at a glance that all hope of a surprise was gone. By some means or other the Aerians had received intelligence of the attack, and were ready for it.

The terrible experience taught by the disaster of Antarctica warned her and her lieutenants that any approach, now that they were seen, must be made with the utmost caution, for they had no precise knowledge as to the range of the Aerian guns. All they knew was that it was very great, and that where one of their projectiles found its mark destruction followed instantly.

Added to this, there was another difficulty. The dense masses of cloud completely hid both sea and land from their view, and made accurate shooting at the land defences impossible. Consequently there was nothing for it but to fight the battle out in the upper regions of the air, against a force of whose actual strength they were ignorant. They dare not attempt to surround the ten air-ships, which hung stationary over the island, for this meant bringing all their guns into play, while they could only use half of their own.

While they were debating on a plan of operations, two new factors in the coming struggle were swiftly and unexpectedly brought into play. As soon as the news of their arrival had been telegraphed to head-quarters, the *Ariel* took the air and passed under the clouds to the rear of the Russian squadron. Ten miles behind them, she swept round sharply, and with her wings inclined to the utmost, and her engines working at the fullest capacity, she took a mighty upward swoop, passed through the clouds like a flash of light, and before the Russians knew what had happened, she was floating three thousand feet above them, out of reach of their guns, and hurling projectile after projectile into their midst. Three of their ships, struck almost simultaneously, were torn into a thousand fragments, and vanished through the clouds.

It was the glare and shock of this explosion that Alexis had seen from the conning-tower of the *Narwhal*. The remaining Russian ships instantly scattered and sank through the clouds to seek a refuge from the foe whose deadly blows they were completely unable to return.

But the moment they appeared on the under side of the cloud-sea, all the guns of the land batteries opened fire in all directions with time-shells, and so rapid were the discharges, and so terrible the energy of the explosives, that the whole firmament above the island seemed ablaze with them, while the concussions of the nether atmosphere were so tremendous and continuous, that it would have been madness for the Russian air-ships to have approached within the zone of fire with which the Aerians had covered and encircled their positions.

The clouds were torn and broken up into vast whirling masses, which completely obscured the view of the Russians, and rendered anything like accurate shooting in the direction of the island impossible. Worse than this, the range of the great land guns, fired at an elevation of forty-five degrees, was so enormous that they were forced by the incessantly exploding projectiles, which were hurled up into the air in all directions, to retire to a distance which, beyond the most random shooting, the results of which were spent upon the rocks of the island and the sea, rendered their own guns useless.

Rise up through the clouds they dare not, for they knew the *Ariel* was still there, and that the first ship that showed herself would be an almost helpless mark for one of the ten guns which, for the time being, commanded the heavens. There seemed nothing for it but an ignominious retreat, for, as Boris Lossenski said to Olga when, furious with rage and mortification, she reproached him with a lack both of skill and courage, an attack upon a volcano in full eruption would have been child's play to an assault at close quarters on Kerguelen Island.

Their one hope of success had lain in a surprise, and that, by some unaccountable means, had been made impossible. They had reckoned only on the air-ships and the submarine defences, and even these they had expected to take unawares. The terrible power of the battery guns, which were able to spread their zone of fire through the air and to shake the very firmament itself with their projectiles, had been a revelation to them.

They could not train their own guns without seeing their mark, and neither flame nor smoke betrayed the position of the batteries, while on the other hand the artillerists on the island had simply to surround the station with a zone of fire and a continuous series of atmospheric convulsions through which no air-ship could have passed without the risk of overturning or completely collapsing.

So Olga was at last convinced that her choice lay between abandonment of the attack or running the gauntlet of fire in the almost forlorn hope of engaging the land batteries and an aerial fleet of unknown strength at close quarters.

Baffled and defeated, and yet convinced that to continue the unequal contest under its present conditions would be merely to court still more disastrous defeat, and even probable destruction, Olga at last allowed Lossenski to give the signal for retreat, and the Russian squadron withdrew to a position twelve miles northward of the island. Its departure was seen both from the air and the land, and the cannonade immediately stopped.

Meanwhile Alan had run the *Narwhal* into the mouth of Christmas Harbour flying his red flag. He was met by the *Cachalot*, and, after telling Captain Ernstein what he had done, and learning of the repulse of the Russians in the aerial battle, he directed forty of the submarine vessels to follow him out to sea to look for the Russian flotilla.

All the fleet were furnished with tell-tale needles similar to the one on board the *Narwhal*, for it is impossible to see a sufficient distance under water to effectively attack an enemy as agile as the submarine war-ships were, and this fact had led to the universal employment of the needles.

As it was now quite light, the whole Aerian squadron, with the exception of five vessels whose duty it was to act as scouts under water, proceeded seaward on the surface of the waves, keeping a sharp look-out for the remains of the Russian fleet, which they soon discovered lying about five miles off the island. They could make out thirty-five of the long, black, half-submerged hulls lying together like a school of whales with the waves breaking over them as over sunken rocks.

Alan immediately signalled from his conning-tower in the manual sign-language, used by the Aerians to communicate between their air-ships, to his consorts and ordered them to scatter and form a wide circle round the Russian squadron at a distance of a mile, and a depth of two fathoms, but on no account to approach within a thousand yards of them. When they had reached their positions they were to rise to the surface and each was to discharge a couple of torpedoes towards the centre of the circle. After that they were to retire and leave the rest to him.

The moment the order had been passed through the fleet, everyone of the vessels disappeared and proceeded to her station. The *Narwhal* sank at the same time until nothing but the glass dome of her conning-tower remained above the water.

By carefully noting the course steered by the compass, and accurately measuring the distance travelled by the number of revolutions of the propeller, each captain was able to place his craft in the desired position.

So perfectly, indeed, was the manœuvre performed that when the vessels rose to the surface they formed a circle two miles in diameter, in the centre of which lay, within a space of about two hundred yards square, the Russian flotilla, the commanders of which, afraid to advance nearer to the shore without the intelligence which they still awaited from their scouts, and confounded by the awful spectacle presented by the aerial battle, of the issue of which they were utterly ignorant, were waiting in bewilderment and indecision the issue of the events which had taken such a marvellous and unexpected turn.

The manœuvre ordered by Alan had been executed so promptly and secretly that the Russians were not even aware that they were surrounded until torpedo after torpedo, coming in from all points of the compass, began exploding in their midst, hurling vast masses of water and foam up into the air, tearing their plates and crippling their propellers, and disabling half their number before they had time to recover from the confusion into which the sudden attack had thrown them.

To communicate signals from one vessel to another under such circumstances was impossible, and so united action was out of the question. All that the captains of the vessels could see was that there were enemies upon all sides of them. The explosion of the eighty torpedoes had churned the water up into a mass of seething foam, in the midst of which fifteen vessels were lying crippled and helpless on the surface, while six more had been sent to the bottom.

This was bad enough, but while the captains of those which had escaped were recovering from the stupefaction into which this sudden disaster had thrown them Alan saw his chance, and as soon as the last torpedo had exploded headed the *Narwhal* full speed into the midst of them. Then followed a scene which would have baffled all description.

The great ship, moving at a speed of nearly three miles a minute, tore her way through the half-crippled squadron, hurling everything she struck to the bottom of the sea. Every Russian vessel that was able to do so after the first assault sank out of the way of the terrible ram of the *Narwhal* and headed off at full speed into the open sea.

But for those that were partially or wholly disabled there was no escape. Alan standing in his conning-tower, his teeth clenched and his blue eyes almost black with the fierce passion of battle and revenge, whirled his steering wheel this way and that, and as the steel monster swung round in rapid curves in obedience to the rudder, he hurled her again and again upon his practically helpless victims, piercing them through and through as though their plates had been cardboard instead of steel.

When the last one had gone down he left the conning-tower, hoisted his flagstaff, and flew a signal to his consorts to return to harbour. What had become of the Russian vessels that had escaped he neither knew nor, for the present, cared.

The victory of the Aerians both at sea and in the air was complete, and he was certain that the Russians had received such a lesson as would convince them that Kerguelen Island was impregnable to any assault that they could make upon it, unless they were able to take its defenders by surprise—a contingency which was now practically impossible.

To be continued next week.

"IT is strange what a time we have with cooks, dear," said Mrs. Innisenos. "Dawson was telling me to-day that they've had theirs for ten years."

"Yes, dear; and did he tell you who she was?"

"No. Who?"

"His wife."

MRS. FRAILTY: "Before we were married you often wished there was some brave deed you could do to show your love."

Mr. Frailty: "Yes, dear, and I would do it now."

Mrs. Frailty: "Then, love, go down into the kitchen and discharge Bridget."

DISPENSARY PHYSICIAN: "Take this medicine after each meal."

Dusty Rhodes: "Haven't you forgotten to give me part of the prescription?"

Dispensary Physician: "What?"

Dusty Rhodes: "The—er—meal."

"GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW."

P. W. INTERVIEWS THE EDITOR.

WHEN the editor reached the office the other day he found the first three volumes of *P. W.* waiting for him in his room. He said:

"Hullo! What the dickens are you doing here?"

"You have interviewed us," said Vol. I., "and now we're going to interview you."

In the meantime Vol. I. had opened at a Questions Worth Answering page.

"It's about that young sister of ours," he remarked, speaking with a touch of reverence as was befitting. "I suppose you know how her circulation has gone up. I mean there must be a limit to that sort of thing, and personally I don't think it's quite modest——"

"Look here," said the editor, sharply, "we won't have any of that, if you please. If you are jealous you must keep it to yourself. Personally I think that with your experience in the crowded field of journalism you ought to be simply overcome with admiration at the triumphal progress of your sister."

"That's all very well," interrupted Vol. II., "but you must kindly remember that hitherto we have held a record, and it takes something to make a record in these days. From the first day of its publication *P. W.* has had the largest circulation of any paper in the world for its age, but now——"

"If you want to know," remarked the editor, "we are printing as many of *Home Notes* in her tenth week as we were of you after you had been in existence ten months."

"That's just what we want to see you about," said Vol. I. "We should like to know what you have done to bring about this abnormal development of our sister."

"Why, nothing," replied the editor. "It was entirely her own doing. Everybody wanted to see her, and, under the circumstances, it was inevitable that her sale should increase."

"But *why* did everybody want to see her, and why on earth do they still go on clamouring for her? That's what we can't make out."

It's a curious thing that brothers can never find what other people see to admire in their own sister. The editor made a remark to this effect, and added:

"It's very foolish of you to mind the phenomenal success your sister has made. She has never done you anything but good. Your own circulation went up twelve thousand the week after she came out. She is just as good an advertisement for you as you are for her."

At this moment there was a loud crash. The file of Vol. IV., which hangs at the editor's right hand, had escaped from its nail, and come to the floor.

It looked rather confused when the editor picked it up and smoothed out its crumpled pages with his paper-knife.

"I got so excited with what these fellows were saying, that I couldn't keep still any longer," it said apologetically. "It's simple jealousy on their part. Sister and I get along splendidly. The more she goes up the more I go up, and of course I've got a long start. There's only one thing I want to say about her. You are simply giving her away at a penny. I mean, there's sixpen'orth there if there ever was anywhere. However, I suppose you know your own business best."

The editor admitted that such a thing was probable.

"When that half-fledged chap has finished," remarked the first three volumes in chorus, "we should be glad if you would allow us to continue our interview. You have not yet told us *why* there is such a demand for this creature, *Home Notes*."

"Because of her store of useful information, of course," said the editor. "She is simply indispensable to every housekeeper. Then look at the paper she is printed on and the illustrations and the stories and the fashion plates."

"You don't give away any dress-patterns with me, I notice," remarked the file of Vol. IV., but it was immediately suppressed by the others who were right in supposing that the unbound copies of *P. W.* did not carry the same weight as themselves. This can be proved by dropping them to the floor and intercepting the workings of the law of gravitation by checking their downward career with your feet.

"By-the-way," said Vol. II., "I must say I like those artistic feature headings. I have never seen anything like them before in a paper of any kind. They are simply beautiful."

"And tell me," asked Vol. III., "what is the meaning of those quaint little sketches in the margin. Comic little things just dotted about anywhere. The other day there was a little boy on one side of the page throwing hats to a clown on the other side, and the hats were tumbling about through the letter-press in the most extraordinary way. You oughtn't to do that sort of thing, you know."

The editor looked hurt, but made no answer.

"A last question," said Vol. I. "What is the secret of our sister's enormous success?"

"I will tell you," said the editor. "In the first place she is got up better than any other ladies' paper, and in the second she is crammed with information which is not only useful, but absolutely essential to women-folk. It does not matter what topic a lady needs advice upon—health, fashions, cooking, dressmaking, needlework, nursery management, or household matters generally—they are all dealt with by your pretty sister. Good luck to her."

No such value has ever been offered for a penny as "Home Notes," which contains thirty-two pages of paper equal to that used for the most expensive magazines.

FICTION.

PETER LAMB'S DICKEY.—Peter Lamb considers himself a pretty fair singer, and especially does he pride himself upon his way of giving a comic song. A few nights ago he was invited to a little evening party at Pitman's, and as he hadn't any clean shirts home from the wash he put on a false front over his red flannel shirt, pinned his collar to the latter, and went to the party looking as well as anybody.

About the middle of the evening Mrs. Pitman asked him to sing something, and Peter, taking his stand by the piano and facing the audience, tuned up and struck out into the famous old comic song of "Little Brown Jug."

Just as he began, the string which held the false shirt front round his neck came untied, and the front began to slide down and show his undershirt. By the time the first verse was concluded everybody was giggling, and Peter, thinking the folks were laughing at the song, also laughed heartily. Then the company laughed more than ever.

So Peter felt encouraged, and he dashed into the second verse with enormous enthusiasm, making comic gestures and screwing up his face in order to render the performance more amusing than ever. His exertions dropped the "dickey" down two or three inches farther, and the company roared.

Peter could hardly sing for laughing. He considered that he had never made such a hit before. At the end of the second verse he joined in the general merriment, and after wiping his brow with his handkerchief, he plunged into the third verse, which he sang with greater humour than ever.

By this time the "dickey" had slid down under his waistcoat, and had begun to appear below it, and as poor Peter finished the verse amid peals of laughter, his eye happened to light upon something white hanging down in front of him like a masonic apron.

His countenance suddenly became serious. The appalling thought flashed across his mind that his clothes were falling off. Crimson with mortification and fear, he took another glance and saw that his "dickey" was gone. Then he understood the situation, and he flew out of the room. Pitman followed him, and said:

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Matter? Oh, Moses! Oh, Thunder and Mars! I'm ruined. This is the most awful thing that ever happened to me."

"Oh, never mind!" said Pitman. "Glue your things together somehow and come in again. The folks don't care about it. It's only a bit of fun."

"Pitman," said Peter solemnly, "it won't do. It has gone too far. I've tried to do my duty for years in this community, but this settles me. I've got to emigrate. The want of a clean shirt drives me from my home and my country. I shall go; but mark me, Pitman, if, after I have fled, you find the body of a faithless washerwoman lying in the streets of this town, you may know that I killed her. I'll butcher her before I go to bed."

Then Peter put on his coat and went home. The washerwoman still lives, and Mr. Lamb remains in the chemist's shop as usual.

METCALF'S BOOMERANG.—"Mrs. Metcalf," said the magistrate, "do I understand that you make a charge of assault and battery against Mr. Metcalf?"

"Not exactly, your worship; you see——"

"One minute," said Metcalf. "Permit me to explain the matter. Is your worship acquainted with the Australian boomerang?"

"I've seen 'em in a menagerie. Their hindlegs are longer than the forelegs."

"Excuse me, your worship refers to the kangaroo. I am speaking of a boomerang. It is an instrument of war used by the natives. The peculiarity of the boomerang is that when you throw it forward it flies backward and hits something behind you."

"When you throw it behind you what does it do?"

"Comes straight to the front. On Tuesday I bent the kitchen poker into the boomerang shape and began to study the scientific aspects of this remarkable weapon."

"What for?"

"Partly for the sake of developing scientific truth, partly for the purpose of killing ducks. If I want to kill a duck with a boomerang what do I do? I walk away from him. I go off in the opposite direction. This lulls suspicion in the duck's mind. Suddenly I take careful aim, say at Jones's man who is chopping wood in the next yard. I let fly, and the first thing you know is that the boomerang has gone whooping over my shoulder and killed the duck—dead—dead—dead as Julius Cæsar. It's one of the most beautiful sights in the world."

"Did you ever kill one that way?"

"Well, that is just the point. No, I did not. I am practising. This is what has excited Mrs. Metcalf. Wednesday morning, while I was in the yard trying the thing, I forgot. I aimed at the bird-cage in the porch, and the poker went over my head and straight through the kitchen window. I apologised to Mrs. Metcalf, and tried again. This time I aimed right at the kitchen window, intending to hit the bird-cage behind me. The boomerang must have got twisted somehow, for the scientific principle was temporarily suspended, and she went bang through the kitchen window again."

"Did it strike Mrs. Metcalf?"

"Struck her head, your worship. But I explained and bent the poker back to the proper angle. Then I aimed at the pump and let her fly. She went up, turned over, flew behind me, and nearly brained Matilda, the servant girl, who was coming out of the woodshed with an armful of chips, unhappily, at that moment."

"Where is Matilda?"

"In the hospital. She is having a trepan—a kind of trap-door let into her skull. She will sue me as soon as she comes out. It is hard to suffer for scientific truth."

"But have you managed to hit any ducks yet?"

"I'll tell you. I caught a duck and tied it down to a gooseberry-bush. I projected the boomerang at that duck two hundred and seventy-three times, not counting once when it slipped. I hit everything within forty feet of the bird; I hit all the loose ducks and chickens; I smashed the glass in the hot-bed; I sent the poker twice through a sheet on the clothes-line; I dug up all the flower-beds, smashed eleven flower-pots, ruined two young peach trees, broke the top off the pump, and maimed one pet dog for life, but I never hit my particular duck once, I don't know why. Probably I haven't got the hang of the thing yet."

"And Mrs. Metcalf wants you to stop practising, does she?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm going to learn, if I have to go out to Australia to get the knack of it."

"Well, I hold you in £100 not to fling that boomerang again outside Australia until you learn how."

"Very well, your worship, but I'll leave for there by the first train to-morrow."

Then the Metcalfs withdrew.

There will be some lynch-law in Australia if Metcalf ever goes there.

A GOOD COOK WASTED.

SHE had studied not philosophy, nor had dallied with theosophy,
Which often tries to lift the veil for just a little look;
She avoided the piano, did Miss Ann Eliza Hannah,
And devoted all her intellect to learning how to cook.

With an earnest air and serious, she studied stews mysterious,
And mastered all the processes of making wholesome bread;
Her pies were each a poem, and as she would proudly show 'em,
"Oh, how lucky will her husband be!" her friends and neighbours said.

But, alas! for all endeavour, that forever and forever
Showeth faith to be a carping fiend of disposition cruel;
For the fellow that she married by dyspepsia was so harried,
That he wouldn't let her cook a thing but toast and tea and gruel.

HORSEMAN: "You don't mean to say you came off at that bit of a fence?"

Recumbent Friend: "Fence? Great Scot, man, no! I caught in the telegraph wires."

"I DON'T think Mr. Bunker is much of a conversationalist," observed Miss Elder.

"Well, he came to me last night," replied Miss Young, as she carelessly twirled a new ring on the third finger of her left hand, "and I found his conversation quite engaging."

THERE is no word in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary containing fifteen different letters of the alphabet, but a good many with fourteen, of which "incomprehensibility" is one.

Miniature Dictionaries has been forwarded to the following:—

R. Waddington, 14, Randall Street, Blackburn; G. H. Gowin, 38, Rosehill Terrace, Swansea; J. Andrews, 10, St. John Street, Packington Street, Islington; J. Dulson, 208, Smithdown Road, Liverpool; J. McCullock, 2, Firpark Terrace, Dennistown, Glasgow; John Hudson, 24, Junction Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; J. Healey, 15, Jackson Road, East Barnet, Herts; Mrs. M. Smith, 56, St. Stephen's Road, North Bow; H. Rolston, 46, Union Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth; T. Jackson, 55, Wells Street, Camberwell; Robert Lorrain, 48, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow; E. Lyon, "May Blosson," Tottenham Hospital, The Green, Tottenham; Mrs. Wallis, 20, Morrab Place, Penzance; Miss Baum, Sheldon Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield; A. Mathieson, 30, Arthur Street, Greenock, N.B.; R. G. Walsh, 70, Armadale Street, Glasgow; J. Comerton, 40, East St. Helens, Abingdon, Berks; F. H. Mills, 37, Dean Street, Packington Street, Islington; G. F. Lester, 25, Hornsey Street, Holloway Road, N.; W. Wilkins, 257, Monument Road, Birmingham; J. H. Fairbairn, Bemersyd, West End, Newtown, St. Boswells, N.B.; J. Harding, 21, Mayfield Road, Scaield, Gosport, Hants; J. Veers, 8, Madryn Street, Toxteth Park, Liverpool; E. J. Gross, 69, Mill Hill Road, Norwich; J. Lorraine, 37, Headley Street, Hebburn Quay, Durham; W. Cooper, care of Staff Sergt. Farrier, 28th Field Battery, R.A., Shorncliffe; E. W. Moody, Handel House, Hereford; C. W. Anderson, junr., Mandale House, Thornaby-on-Tees; N. J. Bodman, 68, King William Street, E.C.; H. Gibson, 22, Terrace Street, Gravesend; Mrs. Crowley, Barracks, Weymouth; Dora Blackburn, 172, Heaton Moor Road, Heaton Chapel; L. A. Dupere, 17, Christ Church Street, E. Greenwich; C. Mather, 7, Heath Street, Lower Broughton; W. N. Jewson, Railway Station, Beccles, Suffolk; J. Heathcot, 2, Dixon Road, Lordsmill Street, Chesterfield; G. N. Milward, The Hollies, Antrobus Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; Mrs. M. A. Durkin, 4, William Street, Middlesbrough; P. B. Wilby, Walpole, Halesworth, Suffolk; G. Langcake, 34, Moadale Street, Hunslet, Leeds; H. S. Poole, Spring Bank, Appleby Bridge, near Wigan; S. Berridge, 25, Addington Place, Dewsbury Road, Hunslet, Leeds; Jas. Focher, 8, Railway Terrace, Cross Lane, Salford; R. Whitworth, 236, Edenfield Road, Rochdale; J. McKenzie, Royal Naval Band, 152, Alexander Road, Ford, Devonport; F. Heales, 4, Edward Street, Sheerness-on-Sea; T. Linkman, Gaiety Theatre, Park Crescent, Brighton; A. Hambly, 17, St. Mary's Hill, Hornsey; Miss B. Horne, 60, High Street, Tring, Herts; S. Benning, 25, Highbury Crescent West, Highbury, N.

FACTS.

THE Queen has sixty housemaids at Windsor Castle.

THE golden-crested wren is the smallest bird in the world.

THE wedding-ring is worn on the left hand because, in symbolism, the right hand is authority, the left obedience.

IN Turkey the house in which a man lives cannot be seized for debt, and sufficient land must be left him to serve for his support.

SOME of the early kings of England and France, when they were travelling, were attended by coiners, who supplied them with money as it was needed, fresh from portable mints.

THERE is a couple in Cincinnati who have been engaged to be married for the last five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

IF you could sell the sea at 1d. the 10,000 gallons, it would fetch 155 billion pounds; if you were to try to pump it dry at the rate of 1,000 gallons a second, it would take 12,000 million years. There is always an "if" in these things.

THE annual consumption of oysters in the United Kingdom amounts to 3,000,000,000, representing, at two shillings a dozen, £25,000,000. These are all imported, excepting about 50,000,000. In London alone 500,000,000 are consumed.

SAN FRANCISCO is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The holidays of every nation are commemorated by public parades. Every civilised language may be heard, and the ships of every maritime nation, from the British man-of-war to the Maltese felucca and the Chinese junk, are seen in the bay.

THE Egyptians have no lack of holidays. This year's calendar shows that there are 52 Sundays, 52 Hebrew Sabbaths, and 52 Moslem "Gummah." There are four "New Year's Days,"—the new style, the old style, the Jewish, and the Moslem; two Christmas Days—new and old style; there are Turkish fasts, and Jewish, and the "Carnival"—in all 173 days of the 365 days.

"CHEAP tooth-brushes are responsible for many obscure ailments of the throat and stomach," says a surgeon. "The bristles are not properly fastened on, and come off in dozens when wet and brought in contact with the teeth. I performed an operation on a patient some time ago who had a regular crop of bristles in her throat. You can imagine how unpleasant it must be to have a single bristle in the glottis. You cough until you are exhausted, but nothing moves it."

ORCHARD trees do not often reach great size; but they do achieve greatness sometimes by the fruit they produce. Under modern systems of cultivation this is not so remarkable; but it is recorded in "The Scotsman's Library," a quaint volume of Scottish lore published in the early part of the century, that at Melrose a single pear tree for fifty years yielded the interest of the money paid for the garden and a house in it; while in 1793 two trees there yielded 60,000 pears. That would be hard to beat, even now, a century later, with all our attention to fruit culture.

BESIDES the golden eagle, the great auk, the dodo, the white whale, and other items of creation which have vanished or are threatening to vanish from the world, it is encouraging to hear of the gradual extinction of one really noxious inhabitant—the alligator. Florida hunters claim to have accounted for over two million five hundred thousand of these pests, and when it is considered how slowly they grow, there seems a reasonable chance of their extermination, at any rate, in the haunts of men. At one year old the infant alligator is twelve inches long. He is fifteen before he doubles that length; and he does not attain his maximum development till the age of fifty. His period of life is not fixed, but it is certainly greater than that of man.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to April 25th, 1894, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 583, and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 584.

Secretary of the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Limited

Pope says that "unextinguished laughter shakes the skies." Be careful, therefore, when you read the first two columns of this page or you will upset the meteorological observations.

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

CHATS WITH MANAGERS.

II.—MR. H. HUMPHRISS ON THE LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH-COAST LINE.

A FEW days ago I had the pleasure of a chat on the subject of his own line in particular, and other railway matters in general, with the Assistant Manager of the L.B. and S.C.R. Company, and got what I found to be a very pleasant insight into the working of what is admitted to be one of the best worked and most successful lines in the Kingdom.

"Brighton A" is the financial synonym for one of the most lucrative investments in the world, especially to those who were happy enough to get them at starting price. So, too, it would seem that the Brighton alphabet generally can be made to spell other very satisfactory things from the point of view of the shareholders, the employés, and public. As the air was just then full of Employer's Liability and Contracting Out, I thought it opportune to open fire on this subject.

"Suppose the Bill had passed without the Lords' amendment, what difference would it have made to your men?" I asked.

"It would have been the greatest misfortune that could have befallen them, and it would have saved the Company at least £4,000 a year if the shareholders had availed themselves of it," replied Mr. Humphriss. "Let me give you a few figures. Our maximum policy is for £200, and for that a man pays 6s. a year. That, I may say without boasting, is a great deal better than even the North-Western system, for under that the maximum policy is £100, for which 13s. a year has to be paid."

"That is a big difference," I said. "And what other rates have you, and what sort of accidents do you pay for?"

"A man can insure for £200, £150, or £100 at proportionate rates, and whatever happens to him we pay in full in case of death, and at the rate of 20s., 15s., or 10s. a week in case of injury till the man returns to work. It doesn't matter whether he has been run over by an engine or kicked by a horse, we pay all the same. In fact, we have paid in cases where a man has been injured off our premises coming to his work. We do it because we believe the best possible policy is to secure the best possible relations between employer and employed."

"And in how many cases in which you have paid could you have been made to pay if the matter had gone to law under the Act?"

"I am not exaggerating when I say that barely two per cent. of the men who have benefited by our fund would have recovered if we had insisted on the strict letter of the law as it would have been laid down by the present Government's Act."

This, I confess, took me somewhat aback, but it is only fair to say that I have since got hold of a copy of the minutes of the last half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of the line, and I have found that Mr. Samuel Laing, the Chairman, dealt with the then impending Act in a spirit so just and liberal that his remarks fully bore out what Mr. Humphriss said.

"And now," I said, going into working details, "will you give me your opinion on the great overcrowding question?"

Mr. Humphriss smiled with the air of a man who has the right-of-way on a bridge over a stream through which some other people have to wade.

"That is a great and a burning question, I admit, but we are rather happily situated with regard to it. I think you will find less overcrowding on our line than on any other round the metropolis. You see, we can afford to spend money on lengthening trains and platforms, and even widening the line where necessary, and so when we find a portion of the traffic getting congested we set to and remedy it as far as possible. You have not had many complaints on that score against us, I think."

I confessed that I had not, and went on to the kindred question of workmen's train and the zone system.

"Our early traffic works very smoothly, and gives us practically no difficulty, but the zone system would not work without, in some instances, increased rates. The Metropolitan zone would be congested out of all proportion to the others, and a uniform rate would unduly favour the longer distance travellers at the expense of the shorter. When the question was brought up in Parliament a short time since, the Managers of the Metropolitan railways met and thoroughly thrashed it out. They were anxious to meet the recommendation, if possible, but combination upon an equitable basis was found to be impracticable."

"Then as to classes?" I asked. "Is the second class booked to go?"

"Not on our line, or any other line like it. Our suburban and season ticket second-class traffic is exceedingly good, and so it is on kindred lines. We have three distinct classes of people to cater for, and I need hardly tell you it pays to suit them all. First and third only on long distances, better than the three classes."

"You mentioned seasons just now," said I, shifting the points once more. "Why do you charge £30 from London to Brighton direct, and £40 for the privilege to the traveller of taking less than he pays for on occasion, and getting out at intermediate stations, say Redhill, or Three Bridges, or Croydon, or Hayward's Heath?"

I flattered myself that this was a bit of a poser, but Mr. Humphriss had his answer ready.

"For the same reason," he said, "that you would have to pay almost as much to travel to Madeira by one of the Cape steamers as you would for the journey to Cape Town; you would occupy a berth that would be empty for the greater part of the journey. On £30 tickets are a special concession to men travelling regularly by certain trains, and as those trains are nearly always full, obviously it would not be fair to the whole-distance men, or to us, to let the short-distance men crowd them out.

"That special ticket is the cheapest in the kingdom for first-class express travelling; it works out at under a farthing a mile. But for the £40 ticket you can travel over an additional hundred miles of line, get out anywhere you like, and have the choice of three routes. That is the commercial man's ticket, the other is the special city man's ticket. Do you see?"

I saw, and switched on to another track.

"You saw some complaints the other day in *P. W.* about the privileged cab system. Have you anything to say to the complaints of extortion and sweating that were made by the cabmen to the Home Secretary?"

"Yes, I can tell you that the managers of the English railways met last October and discussed the subject. They agreed that the system in operation was the best with regard to the convenience of the public, regular supply of good vehicles driven by reliable men, and the maintenance of good order in the station yard. I may also add that one London company tried the South-Western system and had to go back to the old one. As far as my own line is concerned, I can only say that we know every cab that comes into our stations, and can trace any complaint to its source, and I don't believe that there is any sweating at our stations."

By this time I began to think that I had got about as much information as a man could expect for nothing, but I thought I would chance just one more question, so I said:

"Now, I should like to know how you find the Pullman car works on an English line? Shall we ever have the American system over here?"

"That is a question upon which I can speak with some authority," said Mr. Humphriss, "because we carry more Pullman-car passengers than all the other lines of Britain put together. Our average is 140,000 a year, and yet even that does not justify me in saying that the Pullman car will supersede the old-fashioned coach. The British traveller is a curiously exclusive creature, and we have got to run the old-fashioned first to suit him, if not he would growl. And yet, you know, the Pullman is more comfortable, more healthy, and, as experience shows, safer than the ordinary carriage."

"Then why did the club train fail?" I said, as I rose to go.

"That was not on our line, and I am unable, therefore, to answer your inquiry. We run two club or boat trains a day each way between London and Paris, and we propose to continue doing so. Well, good morning, and when you have any grievances about our line send them along and I shall be most happy to look into them. We only want fair play, and I am glad to see that you are giving it to us."

£80 PASSES FROM OUR POCKET.

SIXTEEN MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

MR. J. HOOD, 29, Drummond Street, Edinburgh. Leg broken. Feb. 3rd.

MR. A. DIXON, 2, Western Place, Western Road, Wood Green. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 10th.

MR. G. STROUD, 13, Vincent Street, Swansea. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 10th.

MR. R. BASSETT, 19, High Street, Wincanton. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 10th.

MR. W. J. RICHE, 37, Pekin Street, East India Dock Road. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 3rd.

Mr. G. CARL, 1, Cyprus Buildings, Lower Ashley Road, Bristol. Collar-bone broken. Jan. 27th.

PRIVATE A. JACKSON, 4th Batt. Rifle Brig., Devonport. Leg broken. Feb. 19th.

PRIVATE A. JACK, Fulford Barracks, York. Leg broken. Feb. 19th.

MR. CHARLES HAMPTON, 20, High Street, Wellington, Salop. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 19th.

MRS. C. HUMM, 9, Rising Hill Street, Pentonville. Arm broken. Feb. 10th.

MR. T. V. WILLIAMS, Velindre House, Pontymister. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 14th.

MR. W. DALGETTY, 20, Seagate, Montrose. Arm broken. Feb. 13th.

MR. A. BELLINGALL, 22, Manchester Street, Reddish, near Stockport. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 10th.

MR. R. RAWDIN, 27, Egerton Road, Melton Mowbray. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 3rd.

MR. W. WHITEHEAD, jun., Quarry Bank, Blackburn. Collar-bone broken. Feb. 10th.

MR. C. KOKENNA, 5, Prussia Street, Dublin. Leg broken. February 4th.

Each had a signed coupon at the time of accident, and the Ocean Company have forwarded each a cheque for £5.

A NEW WAY OF DOING IT.

"ALBERTA," began the young man, somewhat huskily, "are your folks all well?"

"Quite well, Mr. Watkins, thank you."

"I have come this evening, Alberta," he resumed, heroically, "to—to—bring back this volume of Dante you lent me last evening——"

"Why, you haven't finished it already, Mr. Watkins?"

"And to say that I—that I—like—that I like Dante first rate."

"Dante is so soulful," said Alberta, softly.

"He's immense," assented Watkins, heartily; "and speaking of Dante, I—er—"

"Yes."

"There isn't a poet of modern times, in my opinion, that comes up to Dante."

"Except Tennyson."

"And, speaking of Tennyson, Alberta—I—er"

"Yes."

"Will you let me make you a present one day of a volume of Tennyson, with the inscription on the fly-leaf, 'To my——'"

"Well?"

"'To my wife Alberta?'"

THE HOUSE WHENCE THE EMPIRE IS GOVERNED.

FROM its exterior appearance anyone might reasonably mistake No. 10, Downing Street for a shabby-genteel lodging-house. It is sombre-looking, the windows are rather dirty, and it looks as if it had been in the hands of caretakers for some time. Yet it is the Prime Minister's residence, and probably no other house in the kingdom has harboured at one time or another so many important men; indeed, it is in this modest-looking house that the whole government of the Empire is conducted.

The appearance of the interior, however, presents a direct contrast to that of the exterior, for the house is very large indeed, with a lobby something like ninety feet in length. The private rooms of Mr. Gladstone, who kindly gave *P. W.* permission to go over the establishment, are all situated on the first floor, and one characteristic of the house is that most of the rooms communicate. (Our representative visited Downing Street while Mr. Gladstone was still Premier.—ED. *P. W.*)

Mr. Gladstone's study is large and lofty, and overlooks St. James's Park. Here were held the celebrated conferences of the Round Table, so called after the round table in the study, at which the Gladstone family take their breakfast every morning at 9 a.m.

On the walls is a photograph which recalls strange memories, and tells how a political party may be split up.

It is a picture of the Liberal Cabinet of 1880, containing each member's autograph, included amongst which are those of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, the late Lord Derby, and Lord Hartington.

Adjoining the study is an unoccupied anteroom which Lord Beaconsfield used as his bedroom. Next to this is a room occasionally used by Mrs. Gladstone as a boudoir. It was in this apartment, on the sofa at the far end of the room, that Lord Iddesleigh lay down and died, after being stricken down with paralysis in the House of Commons.

A few yards farther on, and on the same floor, is the Reception room, where Mr. Gladstone holds his Cabinet meetings. Here again is a round table, at which Ministers sit in deliberation. The greatest precaution is taken against any stranger being admitted when a Council is sitting.

The room contains five doors, but they are all double and heavily curtained from the outside. During the meeting they are all locked, and an attendant remains on guard without.

Not even a messenger bearing an important communication from the Queen is permitted to enter. He must knock at one of the doors, and a Cabinet Minister must go out and ascertain the nature of his business. The room used by former Prime Ministers for Cabinet discussions is located on the ground-floor.

Cabinet Ministers are summoned by circulars personally delivered into their own hands by the Premier's servants. Between the Prime Minister and the Queen there is daily communication. All letters are first sent to Buckingham Palace, whence they are conveyed by messenger to wherever her Majesty happens to be residing. Often, however, they are sent by post.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's bedroom faces Downing Street. It is the most unpretentious place imaginable. The First Lord of the Treasury and his wife sleep on two narrow brass bedsteads placed together, and against the wall is a plain deal wardrobe, somewhat resembling a bathing-machine awaiting a process of whitewashing.

Mr. Gladstone's habits, which are marked by extreme simplicity, are as regular as clockwork. He is always in his study at 9 a.m., at which hour he breakfasts; the remainder of the morning is devoted to hard work. About a quarter to three it is his invariable practice either to drive or walk, no matter whether it be wet or fine. He favours the plainest of food and the plainest of clothes; his favourite wine is claret, though when eating cheese he is partial to a glass of port; he walks four miles in a little over an hour, which is not so bad for an old gentleman in his eighty-fifth year.

If you are travelling in the train as you read this feature, please be good enough to mention it to your fellow passengers, and ask them to write to us regarding any abuse which they may have noticed.

THE RULING PASSION.

SUCH is the strength of a ruling passion that it enforces obedience, even when circumstances seem to have relaxed its grasp.

Some years ago a terrible accident occurred on the railway running between Versailles and Paris. An excursion train, crowded with pleasure seekers, was "telescoped" by the breaking of the locomotive, while running at great speed.

The cars caught fire, and, being newly painted, became a burning pile. The train was a scene of agony and death.

At the risk of his life, a brave fellow rushed up the blazing pyre, again and again, and rescued from death everal passengers. The last one plucked from death was a lady, evidently of aristocratic rank, and dressed in he height of fashion.

As he deposited her in a place of safety, she did not thank the gallant man who had risked his life to save her. Neither did she faint.

She calmly took off her bonnet, looked at its crushed frame and feathers, tried in vain to restore its shape, and then, turning to her preserver, said with indignation, while tears ran down her cheeks:

"A pretty state you've put my dress in, monsieur! My bonnet is utterly ruined. This comes of travelling with such vile *canaille* (rabble)!"

THE PENCIL THIEF.

THERE is no meaner thief than the lead-pencil thief. He takes rank below the umbrella snatcher. He never has a pencil in sight. He asks for yours, "Just a minute," to make a memorandum, and then with a business-like air sticks it into his pocket, knowing that nine times out of ten you will never think of the pencil until you want to use it yourself, and then he will be far away, playing his game on some one else.

I lost the last pencil I had in this world, not ten minutes ago, by the hands of the pencil-thief. A man who makes a business of stealing pencils ought to be burned at the stake, boiled in oil, beheaded at the block, hung, drawn, quartered, and buried without benefit of clergy, at the solemn hour of midnight, in the dark of the moon, at a lonely place in an awful forest where two roads meet, with a lead pencil thrust through his heart.

Here I am, robbed by a soulless villain, not a lead-pencil to my back, and it may be half a day before I meet a man from whose confiding hands I can lift a pencil to make good the one I have lost.

I got that one out of poor old Professor Sayitslow; he is so absent-minded anybody can get away with his lead-pencil, but, then, he's out of town. The stars in their courses seem to be fighting against me to-day. A plague on all pencil thieves, still I say.

WHAT WORKS OF ART ARE WORTH.

To judge by the amount of money paid for works of art in this country we ought to be able to buy up the whole world without going to the trouble of fighting for it. From a chat I have had with several dealers I should estimate that the amount of cash expended on pictures alone reaches at least £3,000,000 a year.

Some time ago, at an auction sale, twenty pictures realised the enormous sum of £69,146, one work alone fetching £10,395, the buyer being Baron Rothschild. Far better than this, however, were three pictures which sold for £125,000, one of which was Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna," bought from the Duke of Marlborough for £75,000.

In the same year two other sales of pictures realised over £120,000; three pictures by Gainsborough fetched £9,975, £9,500, and £9,900 respectively; while one by Sir J. Millais was knocked down for £5,000. A single collection, sold some eight years ago, realised £91,113. Even for one etching as much as £1,300 has been paid, while within three months pictures at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, the auctioneers, have brought in £260,000.

I have also on record the sale of a single dinner-service for £1,811, and a small writing table for the incredible sum of £1,750.

Six hundred pounds and over for a single book is quite a common occurrence; indeed not long ago one volume fetched £980. Of other articles a pair of candlesticks were recently sold for £1,911, but this price was easily beaten by a dish, which the auctioneer's hammer let go for £2,940. A soup tureen was sold about four years ago for £900.

In spite of high prices, however, some really clever artists of the day are almost in want of bread. It is the men with well-known names alone who can make money; and the matter is aggravated by certain dealers who flood the market with foreign pictures.

Representatives of these firms journey to Italy for the purpose of buying up the best works of impecunious artists at the lowest possible rate. In Italy they are accustomed to pay as little as £5 for a picture for which they demand £50 when it is exhibited in their shop window.

SELLING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

OLD soldiers and sailors are sometimes, through stress of circumstances, compelled even to sell their medals and decorations.

"How," I asked a dealer in antiquities, "is the Victoria Cross valued in the market?"

"Very highly indeed," was the reply. "A genuine one, obtained by a soldier or sailor for some specially gallant action, will fetch £25 under the hammer. But it is not often you get the chance of purchasing one. You see, the man who obtains the Victoria Cross needs to be in very low water before he will dispose of such a decoration. Besides, it was given to him by the Queen, and he would regard himself as a scoundrel were he to try and make money out of it."

SO HE DID.

THE prisoner was making his appearance before the magistrate for the hundredth time.

"Well," said the magistrate, "you here again!"

"Yes, your worship," responded the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy; same as before, your worship."

"It seems to me that you are here about half your time."

"Rather more than less, your worship."

"Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work?"

"I do your worship, more than half my time."

"Ah, now," said the magistrate, surprised, "if you can tell me where you have worked I'll let you off."

"In prison, your worship," smiled the prisoner, and the Court kept its word.

AN ILL WIND.

JACK: "It's all over. I'm a cooked goose."

Tom: "Wouldn't she have you?"

Jack: "Confound it, no. Cool as a cucumber about it."

Tom: "Any chance of—er—her exercising woman's peculiar prerogative?"

Jack: "Changing her mind? Not a bit."

Tom: "I suppose, too, you had planned to buy her a ring if she'd have you?"

Jack: "Yes, I suppose so."

Tom: "Had your money all saved up for it, didn't you?"

Jack: "I should say so. Had £10 all ready."

Tom: "Ah, yes. I say, Jack—"

Jack: Well?"

Tom: "You—er—couldn't lend me—er—a fiver till you find some girl who will have you, could you?"

SOME FUN.

A FOND mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:—

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a long while.

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit.

"We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."

THE SHAH'S FAREWELL.

WHEN the Shah came to England last, he visited one of the large towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Whilst driving through the crowded streets of that town he noticed some gamins who had taken up a very prominent position, and were saluting him with great gusto by applying their thumbs to the extremities of their nasal organs.

On inquiring the meaning of this strange procedure, he was told by his attendant that it was looked upon as a great mark of respect in this country.

When the Shah's visit came to an end, he was accompanied to the station by the Mayor of the borough. When they arrived there the train was about to start, and the Shah immediately took his seat.

Just as the train was moving off, amid the cheers of the assembled crowd, the Shah rose, put his head out of the carriage window, gravely applied his thumb to his nose, and spread out his fingers in the most approved style at the astonished Mayor, to that gentleman's discomfiture and the great delight of those who were standing round.

SOME AMERICAN ADS.

IT is not often that you see anything to equal or surpass the grim humour of the Yankee gravestone cutter who notified the public as follows:—"Such as buy tombstones of us look with pride and satisfaction upon the graves of their friends."

The announcement of an Illinois undertaker, however, runs it pretty close. Here it is:—"An elegant stock of neat and nobby shrouds, warranted to give satisfaction to the most particular." Apropos of American advertising, two amusing instances of unexpected effects are worth recording.

It was a well-known Cincinnati firm who a few years ago sent out a corps of artists who decorated all available dead walls with the legend:

USE DR. BROWN'S AGUE CURE.

A few weeks later another band of paint-brush wielders struck the trail of Dr. Brown's advertisers, and as the result the rural population was thus advised:

TAKE SMITH'S SARSAPARILLA,
and you won't have to
USE DR. BROWN'S AGUE CURE.

MONTE CARLO IN THE SLUMS.

SUNDAY afternoon is the time when sportive juveniles gamble away their pocket money at cards. The fact is not generally known that on the Sabbath scores of office boys, factory lads, and newspaper vendors, repair to the back shops of small traders in ice-cream and sweetstuffs situated in back alleys to indulge in halfpenny nap and poker.

With a halfpenny strawberry ice by their sides, one may see them playing game after game, young girls sometimes amongst the number. When the ice-cream funds are becoming exhausted, the gamblers adjourn to some almost impenetrable slum, where one may often see two or three different card parties, with a boy stationed at the entrance on the look out for the police.

The wages of these boys average about eight shillings a week, yet, as one of the gamesters told a *P. W.* slum explorer, it is quite usual for some of them to lose two shillings on a Sunday afternoon merely at cards. Altogether pounds upon pounds are dissipated in this way every Sunday.

It is a common practice, too, for the slum youth to invite a party of lads to his room, and here again the gambling goes on for hours—pitch and toss, the race game, nap, and anything that admits of the winning and losing of money.

If a boy cannot settle his account before the sitting is brought to an end, there is usually a stand-up fight, for the youngsters collect the cash due to them with as much avidity as a professional money-lender.

THE COST OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

IT was an expensive day for Railway Companies when Lord Campbell's "Act for Compensating the Families of Persons killed by Railway Accidents" was passed.

The railways of the United Kingdom nowadays never pay less than £1,400 a day compensation, of which 60 per cent. is for damage to passengers, and 40 per cent. for damage to goods.

Soon after the passing of the Act one person brought an action for £13,000 damages, and a verdict was obtained, although the amount was reduced on appeal to a higher court.

So far the L.B. & S.C.R. hold the record in the pay of compensation, for after the great accident at New Cross in 1869 they paid out £70,000. This amount, however, is very little in excess of the damages which were demanded from the G.N.R. of Ireland in 1889, when seventy-eight passengers were killed, and some four hundred injured, which in all exceeded £66,000.

These sums, it must be remembered, were solely spent on compensation, and have nothing to do with the damage to rolling stock and the other expenses which an accident gives rise to. It is estimated that the total cost of the Taunton collision to the G.W.R. was between £130,000 and £140,000. Fancy having to employ servants whose carelessness may cost such a fortune, to say nothing of the loss of human life.

Roughly speaking, it may be estimated in this country that, for every mile a passenger train runs, a halfpenny is paid in compensation. The L. and N.W.R. alone spend over £100,000 a year in this way, so the effect Lord Campbell's Act had upon the pockets of the railway shareholders can easily be understood.

The same law of compensation holds good upon the Continent. The fearful accident which occurred between Mont Parnasse and Versailles in 1842, in which eighty-two persons were killed and many wounded, cost in compensation alone £125,000, which is the world's record, and a record which nobody wants to beat. The Charenton collision in 1881 was not cleared up by the Paris and Lyons Railway Company under £30,000.

There is some satisfaction in reading these enormous figures, for they are as it were a guarantee that the Railway Companies will take as much care of their passengers and goods as it is possible for men to do.

This paragraph appeared in "Hearth and Home" last week:—"Though only started a couple of months ago, 'Home Notes' has already earned a place for itself among its contemporaries. It is bright and entertaining, full of useful information, while the illustrations, which are excellent, add considerably to the value of the journal. A novel and capital idea is that of thumb-nail sketches in the margin. I wish 'Home Notes' all the success it so well deserves."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Naphtha works havoc among moths, but it must be used with extreme caution, on account of its inflammable nature.

Buttermilk is very wholesome when sour if it has come from nice fresh cream in the first instance. This is very good when eaten with bread and stewed fruit.

Veal Cutlets should be dusted with salt and a little cayenne pepper before being egg- and bread-crumbed. For frying, use a frying-pan, and cook for a quarter of an hour.

Pulled Bread. Pull the crust off a newly-baked loaf before it gets cold. Tear the soft part into small, rough pieces (do not cut it), and bake in a slow oven till they are a light brown colour and crisp. (*Reply to* NANCY.)

Raisin Tea is a very wholesome and refreshing drink for children, and easily prepared. Procure half a pound of nice raisins, and on them pour five pints of boiling water. Boil all together till the fluid is reduced to four pints, strain, place in a glass jug, and squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it.

Ystrad Cakes. Break one egg into a cup and fill it up with new milk; mix with it half an ounce of yeast, about two ounces of butter or dripping, three ounces of sugar, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Flavour with any spice preferred. Let it rise till very light, then mould into biscuits with a few currants. Let rise a second time, bake, and when nearly cooked glaze with a little milk.

Mutton Pudding. This I consider a very useful dish for using up the remains of a leg of mutton, and one which is very nourishing. Line a pudding basin with a thin suet crust, cut slices of underdone mutton, and, after flouring and seasoning them, roll up. Fill the basin thus, add a little gravy, cover with a thin crust, and boil for an hour. It is important that the crust should be thin, or the meat will be cooked too much before the crust is done. Serve in the basin with a napkin folded round.

Cannes Cutlets. Cut some slices of cold meat half an inch thick, shape each like a cutlet; dip into melted butter, and season with pepper and salt. Have some mashed potatoes ready, and cover the meat on both sides with a thick layer of it. Shape the edges neatly with a knife dipped into hot milk. Brush each "cutlet" over with beaten eggs, sprinkle lightly with bread-crumbs, arrange carefully in a frying basket, and fry in boiling fat. Serve very hot arranged on a circle of dried green peas, which have been soaked over night and nicely boiled.

An Excellent Brown Sauce can be made from the following recipe:—The necessary ingredients are two ounces and a half of butter, two ounces of flour, one small carrot, one onion, one eschalot, a little celery, two or three button mushrooms, two tomatoes, one pint of stock, and half a glass of sherry. First melt the butter, then add the vegetables cut very small, and fry for a good ten minutes. Scatter in the flour and let it brown. Next add the wine, sliced tomatoes, and stock, season with salt and eight peppercorns. Simmer the sauce for twenty minutes, pass it through a hair sieve, and heat for use. This recipe is superior to any I have yet tried, so I hope may suit your exacting circle. (*Reply to* GREY NUN.)

Where Breakfast is served in the usual sitting-room of the family, it is apt to become a scramble, rather than a comfortable meal. To begin with, the room should be tidied over-night, so that the usual clearing may be performed in good time, and the breakfast-table carefully laid, with its full complement of knives, forks, etc., on a carefully spread cloth. The mistress of the household should make a point of being downstairs in good time, so as to see that everything is punctual and the coffee or tea made properly. What is more wretched for the bread-winners of the family than to start off for the day's work having had badly-made coffee, burnt toast, and a nearly raw egg? I have always maintained that breakfast is the most important meal of the day, for on the way it is served depends, not only the comfort, but in many cases the temper of those who have it. It is needless to say that a well-appointed breakfast should be extremely punctual, and, though a cheerful meal, it is a mistake to allow the young people to be noisy over it. If hot dishes are provided they should be varied from day to day, and where economy is an object fried bacon should not appear too frequently.

Children Under Seven Years old should not in any case be sent to school, or be taught much at home.

If this Cement is not what you require for your outer walls, please write again. Six pounds of lime, four pounds of wood ashes, two pounds of coarse sand. Mix alternately with boiled linseed oil and water until a paste of the right consistency is obtained. (*Reply to* H., Tasmania.)

In Treating Obesity people try various cures and severe treatments, with, as a rule, violent exercise. These people are to a great extent ignorant that the finest and least expensive of all medicines is hunger! This is really in many cases the finest medicine to which a man who is suffering from obesity, can treat himself!

When Preparing Tinned Meats they must never be cooked, only warmed through, or they will be quite tasteless and go to rags. A nice way of serving the kinds called boiled mutton or beef, is to make an Irish stew, and when the potato is thoroughly cooked, just add the pieces of meat and heat through to serve.

Isinglass is very Strengthening, so it should be introduced as much as possible into the food of delicate people. I knew an old gentleman who derived great benefit from taking half a teaspoonful in his tea at breakfast, and in soup or milk at bedtime. For this purpose the fine white isinglass should be used, as it dissolves so quickly.

A Good Pudding. Mix a tablespoonful of sugar with four ounces of bread-crumbs, and pour over them a teacupful of boiling milk. Beat up two eggs, squeeze the juice of a lemon and add to the milk and bread, also the grated rind. Stir in the eggs and again beat the mixture; lastly, add an ounce and a half of butter, and beat all well together. Butter a mould, put stoned raisins at the bottom, pour in the pudding, cover with a cloth, and boil for an hour.

On Scouring Tins. Cake tins and strainers that are greasy should be first washed in hot soda water, and then scoured clean with a soapy flannel dipped in sand. After the surface is perfectly clean, rinse in hot water. When dried, polish with a little dry whitening, and lastly rub well with a leather. Dish covers will be found to take a better polish if well washed first. An old plate brush will be required to take out the powder from the corners and carved parts. (*Reply to* ZARA.)

Fricasseed Steak. Cut the steak, from the round or rump, into small squares, and flour them lightly. Put some dripping into a frying-pan, slice into it a Spanish onion, and add some cooked tomatoes, if in season; lay in the pieces of steak, and fry them a nice brown. Put the pieces of steak into a saucepan, strain the contents of the frying-pan, add a little boiling water, season with pepper and salt, pour over the steak, and simmer gently for nearly an hour. Serve with rice boiled as if for curry. The slices of onion can be left in with the steak if liked.

Ginger Pudding. This recipe was sent to me lately by a lady who had tried it and was much pleased with the result. First brown one ounce of loaf sugar in a small saucepan. Then add to it by degrees half a pint of milk and let it simmer till all the sugar is dissolved. Place five ounces of dice of bread in a basin, add one ounce of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, three ounces of finely shredded suet, and a pinch of salt. When the milk and browned sugar has cooled a little, add two eggs to it and pour over the dry ingredients in the basin. Cover with a plate and soak them together for nearly an hour. Butter a mould, ornament it with split raisins, and pour in the pudding batter. Tie buttered paper over, steam gently for one and a half or two hours.

On Choosing Butter. As you say, nice-looking butter is very deceptive and often tastes strong. If you do not like to taste butter when you are buying it try the following suggestions, which I think will help you in your marketing. Good fresh butter ought to smell very sweet and be an equal colour all through; if it smells slightly sour you may know that it has not been sufficiently washed and will only keep good a couple of days. When butter looks open and veiny avoid it, for it has probably been mixed with staler or an inferior kind. Salt butter is generally made at different times, and so the layers in a cask will vary very much, if it is not packed by a very experienced person. If you are buying a cask of butter, place a long knife into it, and smell it when you draw it out, if there is any slightly rancid or unpleasant smell reject it. Remembering that layers of butter vary, I always insert the knife between the staves as well as at the top. If you go to the same market regularly for your butter, after finding out what you like I should advise your getting a regular supply kept for you by the same person each week. (*Reply to* TOTTIE.)

Double Saucepans, or those of fireproof china, are most suitable for making porridge; if the former be used burning is impossible.

Broiled Herrings should be cleaned, well floured, and cooked to a good colour. Serve very hot with a little parsley and butter.

Ink Spots may be removed from prints or books by a solution of oxalic acid, carefully applied with a camel's hair brush. Spirits of salt should be avoided, as it discolours and rots the paper. (*Reply to* BARRY DOCK.)

Serve Parsnip Fritters with chops and cutlets. First boil the parsnip in salted water until tender, then cut into strips a quarter of an inch square. Dip into frying batter, and fry in deep fat. Drain very dry, scatter dried salt over, and serve very hot.

Brown Betty's Pudding. Grease a pie-dish scatter bread-crumbs over, flavour it with powdered sugar, nutmeg, and cloves, and small pieces of fresh butter. Then place a layer of sliced apple, and continue these two layers till the dish is full. Spread crumbs on the top, bake for an hour, and serve with cream.

Brandy Wafers. First melt three ounces of butter with six of treacle, mix four ounces of flour with five of sugar and a quarter of an ounce of ginger; add this to the butter and treacle and beat well. Grease a baking sheet, and drop the mixture on to it in spoonfuls five inches apart. Bake for a quarter of an hour, and place on a wire sieve till perfectly cold. (*Reply to* HETTY).

Devilled Shrimps. Take one pint of shrimps, shell them, and chop small, add one ounce of fine bread-crumbs, ditto butter, and two well-beaten eggs. Season highly with Worcester sauce and cayenne pepper. Mash all well together, and form into small rolls, place each on a strip of bread-and-butter the same length, scatter a mixture of grated cheese and bread-crumbs over, and bake till a golden brown.

Stewed Ox Cheek. The following ingredients will be necessary:—Two pounds of ox cheek, three quarts of water, a pound of mixed and well-chopped carrots, turnips, onions, and celery, and suet dumplings. First wash and cut up the ox cheek, put it on in the water, add a little salt, skim well and cook slowly for one and a half hours. Then throw in the vegetables, and simmer for another one and a half hours. Add a small dumpling for each person, and boil for twenty minutes. Place the meat on a very hot dish, arrange the dumplings on it, thicken and colour the gravy, and pour over it. (*Reply to* ASIA.)

Blots of Ink, on copy-books or desks, I know are sometimes taken up by small tongues, instead of blotting-paper or a rag! This is what we may call a naughty, dirty habit, and should be corrected in all children; but this is not all, for it was lately found to cause the death of a boy. The boy died, without any severe illness or apparent cause; later it transpired that he had been poisoned by swallowing ink in taking up blots! The ink was analysed, and was found to contain sufficient arsenic to poison so young a child. I hope all mothers and those in charge of children will make this sad story known to the young people, which may give them a horror of such a dirty and, I fear, not uncommon habit.

Isobel

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

	£	s.	d.
Single column, per inch per insertion	1	10	0
Double " " " "	3	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	70	0	0
Half page " " "	35	0	0
Quarter page " " "	17	10	0
Eighth page " " "	8	15	0
Tenth page " " "	7	0	0
Front page, whole	90	0	0
" half	45	0	0
" quarter	22	10	0
" eighth	11	5	0

All spaces above one-tenth of a page are charged at per page rate.

Black Blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval.

All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, March 22 if intended for the Issue on sale March 31, and dated April 7.

Counting Competition and other objectionable advertisements are *not* inserted.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to the other insertions on order.

1893 OCT.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1894 JANUARY	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.
S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30
M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24
T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 22	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26
T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27
F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28
S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29

SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS

232,000 Prizes of Bicycles, Watches, and Books Value £41,904

The First of these Monthly Competitions was held on January 31, 1894, and will be followed by others each Month during 1894.

Competitors to Save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the "Coupons") are to be sent, enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the Competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner) with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

No. of District.	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts, as under:—
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:—	Value of Prizes given each month in each district. £	s.	d.	Total Value of Prizes in all the 8 districts during 1894. £	s.	d.
Every month, in each of the 8 districts, the 8 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the district in which they reside will each receive, at Winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's Premier Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, value £20.*	100	0	0	9,600	0	0
The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at Winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s.	84	0	0	8,064	0	0
The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s.	50	0	0	4,800	0	0
The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.	52	10	0	5,040	0	0
The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d.	50	0	0	4,800	0	0
The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s.	50	0	0	4,800	0	0
The next 1,000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s.	50	0	0	4,800	0	0
				41,904	0	0

RULES.

I. The Competitions will close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in Dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families are debarred from competing.

III. A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches, and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitor's District, will be forwarded, 21 days after each competition closes, to those Competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for Postage, but in all cases where this is done "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.

IV. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, will award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.

* The Bicycles are the celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube Premier Cycles (Highest Award World's Fair, Chicago, 1893), manufactured by the Premier Cycle Co., Limited, of Coventry, and 14, Holborn Viaduct, London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tyres; Salsbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 405 Saddle; Tool Valise, Harrison's Gong; Pump, &c.

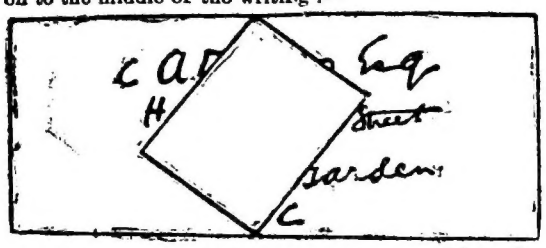
More Paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY than to those of any other penny paper published in the world.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ASK P.W.

R. S. will be very interested to learn who can record the longest continuous service in the volunteer force of this country, either as a private or non-commissioned officer. I, too, think the question is a very interesting one, and a cheque for one guinea is at the disposal of the individual who can justify his claim to the title of the volunteer with the longest service. Claims must be duly authenticated, and should be sent in an envelope marked "Volunteer." Competition closes Thursday, 29th March.

I MUST implore the readers of *P.W.* once again with all the earnestness that I can command not to forward manuscripts to this office. Not only does it involve a large amount of unnecessary correspondence over MSS. which have been delayed or lost in the post, but no end of time is wasted simply in re-addressing and returning the shoals of articles we receive on every subject under the sun. I have a large permanent staff of writers employed solely in the production of stories, paragraphs, and articles, and they are able to turn out all the matter which is required for my various papers.

I NEVER encourage people to send insufficiently addressed letters, as I think it is a shame to impose the work of placing them upon the already hard-worked post-office officials. But a particularly odd one came here the other day, which through an accident was insufficiently addressed in a very curious way, and which at the same time duly reached its destination without any delay. The address, which was on a small label fastened to a parcel, was as follows, the blank space being represented by a 2½d. stamp, which some careless clerk had stuck right on to the middle of the writing :—



A SMALL fortune awaits the person who can think of a way of utilising plates of glass from which the photographic film has been removed. I heard from a gentleman the other day, who is one of the biggest photographers in London, that he very often throws away something like a thousand of these pieces of glass at a time, simply because no one will come and take them away. The price offered him by one firm was a farthing a dozen. You see, when the manufacturers make these plates they cover a very large sheet of glass with the composition, and then cut it up into quarter-plates, or half-plates, or whole plates, as the case may be, and up to the present, no profitable method has been adopted for covering single plates. Surely some ingenious reader of *P.W.* can think of some way of using up these cast-away bits of glass, if not for photographic, for some other purposes.

PARKES.—The formation of clouds is the same all the world over. Some time ago a gentleman sailed round the world bent on meteorological research, and he took a number of photographs of clouds in different climes. These pictures, which were of the greatest interest, illustrate most conclusively the identity of cloud-forms in all latitudes. The clouds which are seen from the North Pole to the Equator, and from the Equator to the Antarctic regions, might all be seen in Britain.

ROTHESAY has taken recently to violent sneezing fits, sneezing as often as thirty consecutive times, which, as he feelingly complains, is a very exhausting ordeal to go through. I don't know whether the common remedy for a mere sneeze or two of tightly pressing the upper lip with the finger when a sneeze seems to be coming along would meet this out-of-the-way case, but at all events ROTHESAY might try it, and if it has no effect I should certainly recommend him to consult a doctor.

B. B. S. asks, "What is the proportion of males to females in the human race throughout the whole world."——Taking them all round—white, black, yellow, red, civilised and uncivilised—there are estimated to be as nearly as possible the same number of men and women in the world. The relative numbers vary, of course, very much in the different countries. The phases of increased difference are generally determined by war, pestilence, and, above all, migration. Taking Europe as a whole, the number of women is greatly in excess of the number of men, for the life-blood which flowed through that drain which men call Napoleon was too severe a strain upon the male population for the effects to have been thrown off yet. On the other hand, in those countries which hold out prospects to the immigrant, as America, Australia, and South Africa, the men are in excess, and with the constant arrival of immigrant ships, with their preponderance of male passengers, this excess is day by day increasing, and naturally widening the divergence in Europe whence the settlers mostly come.

IT is a curious thing how long it takes to disassociate any feature from a popular paper like *P. W.* It is now more than twelve months since we ceased the weekly insertion of "Peculiar Pars," and yet never a week passes without quite a number of these being sent in. This week there are a couple that are quite worth printing. Here they are :—

WANTED by a Gentleman, who is under covenant to leave his house near Wimbledon precisely as he found it, 20,000 healthy fleas; cash on delivery; middle of March; letters only, Barrister, care of Mr. Handcock, newsagent, Bishop's Road, W.

WANTED, a little Parlour FURNITURE. Can be stored free of expense by allowing advertiser use of same.—Address W., 160, Mercury Office.

The first one requires no comment. The second strikes me as embodying quite a novel idea, and if the advertiser succeeds in obtaining what he wants he will certainly have solved a question which agitates a good many people who are about to get married, *i.e.*, how to furnish a house cheaply.

"I HAVE often wondered," writes JACOB, "how it is possible to make catgut so thin as those little strips that fasten a fishhook to a fishing-line?"——Catgut, did you say? The stuff you are talking about is not catgut; it is silk, though, perhaps, you would not believe it. The industry is a big one in Spain, where the silkworms are reared. When the insects are about to spin they are thrown into large tubs of vinegar, and left to pickle for some time. Then they are taken out and carefully opened up by women and children, who take out the little bunch of glutinous unspun silk, and draw it out into strands about a couple of feet long. These are left to dry, and the small particles of the worm are rubbed off. As a matter of fact only about half the strand can be used for the purpose you name, the ends get too wrinkled. They are tied up with coloured wools in bunches of several thousand each, and sent to all parts of the world.

A MOST interesting letter comes from a correspondent who is touring in Algeria. It was dated from a town called Daya, away up in the mountains of the north. The other day, while out riding with a guide, he came across a stream inky black, and he afterwards learned that the fluid was in truth only diluted ink. One of its two tributaries is strongly impregnated with iron, which it imbibes from a ferruginous soil, and the other, which winds its way through a peat marsh, is equally rich in gallic acid, the two principal ingredients of ink. This news has a special interest for me, because we use an extraordinary amount of ink in this office, in spite of all the typewriters, and in future I am thinking of sending out the office boys to refill the pots in Africa.

A. S. is perplexed at the differing of many doctors. He thinks that in the case of comparatively simple complaints there should be no two opinions.——It is certainly somewhat surprising that doctors who are educated at the same school should give such contradictory advice upon the same subject. Their wretched patients do not know who to believe. But, after all, there is hardly a point in medicine on which all authorities agree, and I have known a man go to four well-known consulting physicians in town on the same day, and have a different diagnosis of his complaint, which was a very simple one, from each. One of our greatest physicians retired from the profession because he was tired of guessing. Here we have the situation in a nutshell. Even the most experienced doctors can know very little with absolute certainty. They conclude, and their conclusions may be right or wrong. To select a good doctor and put absolute faith in what he tells you is, I think, the best course to pursue when you are so unfortunate as to require medical advice.

C. J. is in a very curious quandary. He is in love with, and wishes to marry, a young widow, but is deterred by an odd proviso in the will of her late husband, who was a man very many years older than herself. Actuated presumably by a wish that she should not marry again, he directed in his will that she should enjoy the benefit of property yielding £200 a year so long as she continued to wear full widow's dress. In the event of her leaving this off, the money is to go to a local infirmary. "C. J." has consulted the solicitor who drew up the will, and he gives it as his opinion that there is nothing in the document to prevent the widow marrying again, but if she leaves off her widow's dress she certainly must make up her mind to forego the whole of the £200 a year. "C. J." and the widow seem to have fully determined that they are going to be married, but they naturally do not relish the idea of losing so substantial an increase to their income as the money in question. So "C. J." asks if I can suggest any way out of the difficulty.——I am sorry to say I cannot. It is possible, however, that some reader of *P. W.* may have encountered a similar case which has been got over. If this is so, and he will communicate any means of relief there may be for the young couple, I will see that the information is passed on to "C. J." What a horribly selfish thing it is for any man to make a will of this kind. I cannot see how he can expect to find any happiness either in this world or the next in the reflection that he has done all he can to doom a young woman to a life of solitude.

JAMES P. is in possession of a saw which has a crack from one of the teeth upwards, and would like to know if I can tell him the best way to prevent it going any further, as the tool is a valuable one.——Try drilling a small hole in the line of fracture, precisely at the point where the crack terminates. You will find that answer your purpose.

THE origin of the expression "Turncoat" puzzles a great many people. B. J. K. asks me to enlighten him on the subject.——For this epithet, applied to one who changes his political opinions to suit his immediate prospects, we are indebted to the Duke of Saxony, who first suggested it. It was in this wise: The Duke's dominions were open to the contending powers of France and Spain. He was subject to frequent incursions, and was only able to exist by siding first with one party, and then with the other, as the star of each was in the ascendant. Therefore he had a coat made, which was blue on one side and white on the other, and might be worn indifferently inside out or otherwise. He entertained victorious Spain arrayed in blue, but should the changeful fates smile upon France, then white was the colour he wore, and he became known to posterity as Emmanuel the Turncoat.

G. S.—In saying that the process by which macaroni is made is exceedingly simple and might well be followed here you are perfectly correct, but nevertheless the fact remains that it has never been produced so successfully in any other country as Italy. There it was invented, there the business has flourished, and there alone. Perhaps this is because the Italian macaroni is made from a peculiar kind of wheat called *dure grain*, or hard-grained. This was originally imported from the Russian territories on the Black Sea, but is now extensively grown by the farmers of Southern Italy, and its properties are such that no other species is so well adapted for the manufacture of macaroni.

N. L. says:—"I was standing on Battersea Bridge the other day when a party of soldiers crossed over. There were not more than twenty of them, and yet the bridge shook and vibrated, although the fifty people or more who were crossing at the time did not seem to make the slightest impression on it. Can you explain this?"——Yes, I think I can. You see, when a number of persons are walking in step the result is like hitting the bridge with a heavy hammer. So there were twenty men, and the pressure of each man as he put down his foot, a hundred pounds. You had something like a ton weight striking the bridge more than a hundred times a minute. Some years ago Broughton Bridge, near Manchester, broke down under the strain of a company of soldiers marching over it, and although the aggregate weight of the men was not more than four tons, the bolt which gave way was capable of bearing a dead weight of twenty tons.

A GREAT many well-to-do people who take an active interest in the poor have been astonished at the obstinate way in which the poorer classes refuse to allow reasonable ventilation in their houses. A DISTRICT VISITOR wants to know what she can do. There is one old woman on her visiting list with whom she has used every argument she knows in trying to persuade her to sleep with her bedroom window slightly open, or, at all events, occasionally, to let a breath of fresh air into the sitting-room. She simply refuses to do anything of the kind. As to having her bedroom window open, she is sure it would kill her, and on principle she seems to have an objection to ventilation of any kind. She seems to fancy it does not seem "homelike" unless the atmosphere is stuffy. There is, after all, a very good reason why poor and ill-fed people generally dislike fresh air. The oxygen it contains demands from their bodies a supply of fuel to the lungs, which their scanty nourishment cannot yield sufficiently. The fresh air gives them an appetite and an invigoration which they cannot afford to live up to.

The limited space in this page permits of only a very small fraction of the letters addressed to this office every week being answered in print, but any reader who encloses a stamped addressed envelope with his enquiry, will receive a reply through the post.

POSTAL RATES.

All Post Free.	Pearson's Weekly.	Home Notes.	Short Stories.	Search Light.	Industries and Iron
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.
One Year.....	8 8	8 8	6 6	4 0	1 0 0
Half Year ...	4 4	4 4	3 3	Per	Per
Three Months	2 2	2 2	1 8	Year.	Year.

Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
Registered Telegraphic Address—
"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."
SOLE AGENTS FOR AUSTRALASIA:
Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co., Sydney & Melbourne.
P. W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248, Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Merry Heart Goes all the Day; A Sad One, but an Hour.

GENERAL DEPRESSION.—"Those of our readers who are afflicted with liver troubles, and suffer from their irritating and depressing effect on the temperament, should try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is especially commendable for this purpose, but it will also be found useful for other ordinary ailments, particularly when they result from over-eating or undue excitement."—*Science Siftings.*

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the Blood is freed from Poisonous or other HURTFUL MATTERS. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED a SEVERE illness. Without such a simple precaution, the JEOPARDY of LIFE is IMMENSELY INCREASED.

FROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL.—"Holy Trinity Church, North Shields, Nov. 1, 1873.—Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'Fruit Salt,' I have no hesitation in giving the particulars of the case of one of my friends. Sluggish action of the liver and bilious headache affected him so he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your 'FRUIT SALT' he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various complaints, that you may well extend its use, *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL.

IT OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN EVERY BEDROOM IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY.

Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 Pieces for £1 1s. 0d.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed **Worth the Guinea alone**, consequently a charming China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given **FOR NOTHING.**

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers, not middlemen like many other advertisers. The Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000 ft. frontage to the town of Hanley.

Hundreds of these packages are applied for as **Wedding or Birthday Presents.** And what more useful present can be given? Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. All letters to the.

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

A GRAND TREAT FOR EVERYBODY.

An opportunity that should not be missed.

SPECIAL MARCH OFFER OF £75 IN

£75 FREE CASH PRIZES £75

A Genuine Offer. Note the particulars.

Having just completed the purchase of a Splendid Assortment we are able to offer

A NEW HANDSOMELY COLOURED

PONGEE SILK HANDKERCHIEF FOR 1/2

Suitable for either Lady or Gentleman.

Send for one at once and avoid disappointment, as only a limited number are for disposal. Post free direct for 14 Stamps from

CROFT & ROSS United, 35, Coney Street, YORK.

As we have about twenty different colours, including Pink, Salmon, Cardinal, Emerald, Lilac, Coral, Gold, Heliotrope, Navy, Sky, Creme, Red, Black, Marone, &c., please state when ordering what colour you prefer, and we will send you the nearest shade to it that we have.

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.

£75 to Purchasers on or before March 31st, 1894.

In order to introduce our Handkerchiefs we have decided to give away

£75 IN CASH PRIZES

amongst those of our customers sending with their order by the above date, any correct solution to the following puzzle:—

Who can solve the magic square?

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

Can you do it? It can be done.

DIRECTIONS.—Re-arrange the figures, still keeping 5 in the centre, in order that all the rows from top to bottom, from left to right, and from corner to corner, will add to 15. Then write your solution on a sheet of paper, state the colour of handkerchief you require, and post it with 14 stamps, and a stamped directed reply envelope (for prize, result, &c.) to reach here by Saturday Evening, March 31st, at latest.

NOTICE.—This contest closes on Saturday evening, March 31st, and orders should be sent in as early as possible before then. Handkerchiefs will be despatched in rotation. Competition prizes and results will be posted so as to reach competitors by Monday, April 2nd, 1894.

USE Enamelled Copper Letters.

Delicate in Flavour, Superior in Quality.

For the Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea, and Supper Table.

Of all Grocers, &c. Or send 7½d. or 1/3 for sample jar to maker,

PLUMTREE Southport.

GIVEN AWAY. Value 10s. (WHY BUY TROUSERS ?) GIVEN AWAY. Value 10s.

Every Garment Tailor-made. WRITE TO US FOR PATTERNS OF OUR WONDERFUL SERGE AND TWEED SUITS TO MEASURE AT 25/-. THE CHEAPEST ON EARTH.

We will also present FREE OF CHARGE to every purchaser of suit one pair of our celebrated trousers, value 10/-.

Our new Spring Patterns are now ready. Largest selection in the world to choose from.

WRITE TO-DAY for price lists, patterns, press notices, and testimonials free.

We return your money in full if our goods do not please. Agents wanted Terms and appointment by letter.

NEW MANUFACTURING CO., Yate, Gloucestershire.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness. *Sold by all Chemists and Stores.* Price ONE SHILLING. Refuse worthless imitations. Post-free 15 stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

DON'T RUB!

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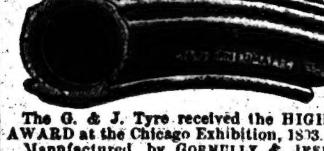

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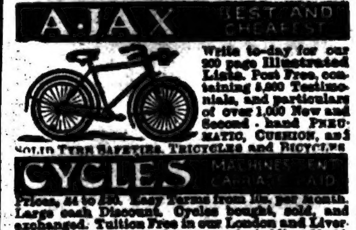

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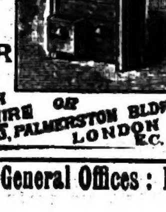

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